

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 501 (NEW SERIES 111) MARCH, 1906

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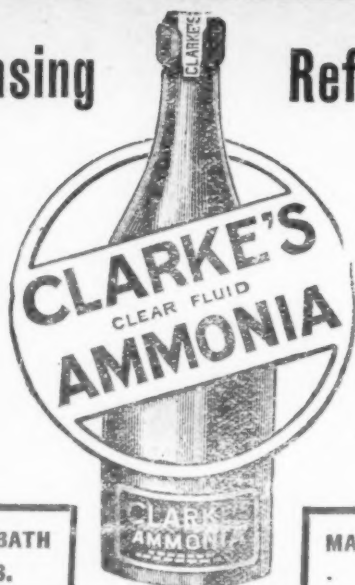
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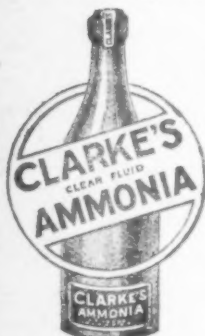
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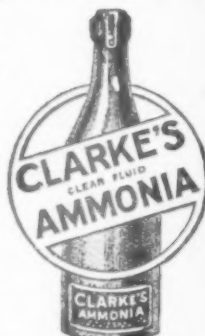
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A Retrospect.

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR THEMSELVES IN THIS
COUNTRY DURING THE PAST SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[An address delivered at the Birmingham Catholic Reunion, on the
23rd January, 1906.]

IN considering what subject I should choose for this address, it occurred to me that I might invite you to make a Retrospect; that it might be useful and not altogether uninteresting to look back for a few minutes upon the work that has been accomplished by Catholics in this country during what may be described as our own times. It is no doubt true that our direct practical interests are in the present and in the future; but even for the purposes of the present and the future it is useful sometimes to look back upon the past. There are fortunately many amongst us who were born more than seventy-five years ago. This may be taken as the period of our Retrospect, and I shall ask you to consider what the condition of Catholic affairs in this country was in the year 1830, and what has been done by Catholics for themselves since that date.

Seventy-five years ago men not older than I am now could remember a time when the cruel penal code was not only in full legal force, but was to some extent actually enforced. The penal laws had been repealed rather less than forty years before the date to which I am asking you to look back. Men not then very old could remember the criminal proceedings taken against Catholic priests and schoolmasters between 1767 and 1778; how Father Molony was convicted and condemned to perpetual imprisonment for the offence of administering the sacraments to a sick man in Southwark; how Bishop Challoner, whose name must always be mentioned with reverence at any gathering of Catholics in this country, was, at the instance of

the Government, prevented from preaching even in the chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, and had to collect his little flock secretly in rooms hired in one or other of the mean and squalid courts which surrounded the then fashionable quarter of Lincoln's Inn Fields.¹ Even as late as 1775, a search was made for Bishop Talbot at Old Hall in order that he might be arrested and prosecuted for keeping a Catholic school. For in those days a Catholic schoolmaster was liable to be sentenced to perpetual imprisonment if convicted of the offence of keeping a Catholic school; just as a Catholic priest was if convicted of "exercising any part of the office or function of a priest."² It is right to say that the prosecutions of priests and schoolmasters in the second half of the eighteenth century were mostly, if not altogether, the work of a private informer, and were not instituted or indeed approved by the Government. The penal laws were maintained *in terrorem*, and so long as Catholic priests and their places of worship and education were unheard of and unseen, there was no desire on the part of the authorities to send priests and schoolmasters to perpetual imprisonment. And I am recalling the state of things which existed so late as the latter part of the eighteenth century when George III. was King, certainly not for the purpose of awakening for one moment any feelings of religious animosity, but to make it clear how comparatively recent the date is when Catholics were freed from their fetters and were first at liberty, openly and publicly, to carry on the services of their religion, and to take their part in works of charity for the relief and education of their poor. But we should not forget that even in the days of the penal laws and before any relief Acts had been passed, a struggle had been made, especially in the work of education. As early as 1764 the Catholics of London had established a Society for the Instruction of Children of Indigent Parents. In the reign of James II., when for a few years the penal

¹ Bishop Challoner is said to have preached in rooms in Clare Market and Whetstone Park, and in the "Ship" Tavern at the corner of Gate Street and the Little Turnstile.

² These penalties were imposed "over and beyond the good laws already made" by the Act of 1700, "for further preventing the growth of Popery." A reward of £100 was given to any informer who secured the conviction of a priest. Father Molony's appears to have been the last conviction under this Act. Bishop Challoner, Bishop Talbot, several priests, and a schoolmaster were afterwards prosecuted but not convicted. The prosecutions were stopped by the ruling of Lord Mansfield, who held that strict proof must be given that the accused was a priest. The Act of 1700 was repealed in 1778, and the repeal was followed by the Gordon Riots.

laws were relaxed, many Catholic schools and colleges had been established in England. There was for instance a very flourishing Catholic grammar school at Wolverhampton,¹ which was closed at the time of the Revolution when the penal laws were again enforced, and indeed made in some respects more severe. There was also a school under ecclesiastical management at Twyford, near Winchester, which appears to have been established in the reign of James II., and survived until about the time of the Stuart Rebellion of 1745. The poet Pope went there as a little boy, but his schooldays at Twyford were, I believe, cut short in consequence of a lampoon which he wrote on the schoolmaster; thus affording a notable instance of precocious genius. Sedgley Park was established by Bishop Challoner in 1763, and Old Hall was opened by Bishop Talbot as a preparatory school for little boys in 1769. And there were other preparatory schools, which I have no time to mention. But I may remind you of a school which had been founded at Osmotherley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, perhaps even earlier than the reign of James II., which survived the Revolution of 1688 and was removed to Edgbaston in 1723. The great Bishop Milner received part of his early education at Edgbaston. The school was carried on until about 1792, when it was removed to Baddesley Green. It is interesting to find the name of Edgbaston associated with the work of Catholic education so long ago as the early part of the eighteenth century.

But I must pass on. In 1791, the penal laws were repealed, and at once the work of church building, of establishing schools and colleges and charitable institutions was commenced with new and extraordinary energy and success. The Colleges at Oscott, at Old Hall, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Ampleforth, and Downside, were established within a few years after 1791.²

¹ "The Fathers taught nearly 50 children of which number about 12 were boarders." They "were able to compete with the students in the old and numerous attended Protestant public school, and to carry off the palm in disputations." (Foley, *Records*, Series xii. p. 450.)

² The Act of 1791 did not make it lawful to found these colleges. It was expressly provided that nothing in the Act should make it lawful for Catholics to found any school or college. But in 1793 the action of the French Revolutionary Government drove England into war with France, and about the same time made it impossible for the English Catholic colleges to remain in France. They took refuge in England, and English feeling was fortunately not hostile to the refugees. The Government of Pitt was friendly to the establishment of the Catholic schools in England, and I believe assisted it by a secret grant of money. Thus the foundation of our colleges was rendered possible.

Poor schools were opened in the large towns. Many churches were built. A great beginning was made. But what I wish to make clear is that it was literally and truly a beginning. The year 1791 must be taken as the date from which substantially the work of the building of the churches and schools, and religious and charitable institutions which we now have in England, really began. And meantime our population was being largely increased by the arrival of great and increasing numbers of poor Catholics from Ireland. And so we come to the Catholic Emancipation Act, which removed practically the last of our disabilities in 1829, to the accession of King William IV., and to the year 1830.

Now let us for a moment take stock of the Catholic situation in 1830—and first with regard to churches. Here in Birmingham there were then two churches only—St. Peter's, which was opened by the Rev. Mr. Nutt, who removed, with his congregation, from the old chapel at Edgbaston to his new church in Birmingham about 1789, and old St. Chad's, opened by Bishop Milner about 1813. I believe that the house in which Mass was said at Edgbaston—or perhaps a house standing on the same site—is still called Masshouse Farm; just as the street in which the church of St. Mary Magdalen was built immediately before, and was burnt down by the authorities immediately after the Revolution of 1688, is still called Masshouse Lane. So far as I can ascertain, there were in 1830 in England and Wales about 350 churches or chapels, some of them probably private chapels to which the public were not admitted. We have now 1,640 public churches and chapels. The progress which has been made since 1830 may be graphically represented by a comparison of the *Catholic Directories* of 1830 and 1906. The contents and their arrangement in the two volumes are curiously similar, but the difference in bulk is remarkable. Omitting advertisements, notices of schools, and miscellaneous matter, there are in the slender little *Directory* of 1830 forty-eight pages only relating to churches, clergy, and information which is strictly ecclesiastical; in the *Directory* of 1906 the number of pages containing similar information is 454.

Of the Orphanages, Refuges, Reformatories, and other similar institutions founded during the past seventy-five years, much might be said, but it is impossible within the limits of this address to do more than make a passing reference to the great and successful efforts which have been made by the

Catholics of this country in the promotion and support of charitable undertakings of this kind. There is, however, one subject which at this moment demands special attention. It will be useful and interesting to consider what Catholics have done to provide for the educational wants of their poor, what part they have taken in the work of public elementary education.

Under the circumstances which I have described, it is not surprising that at the beginning of last century the number of Catholic poor schools was very small. I have not been able to ascertain accurately how many there were. From returns which were made about 1851, it appears that there were then in existence only ten Catholic schools which were known to have been founded before the year 1801.

The first Catholic poor school in London was St. Patrick's Charity School, which was founded in 1803. Probably the ten schools still existing in 1851 represent approximately the provision of Catholic public elementary education in 1800. This was a humble beginning, but the work went forward and considerable results were obtained long before any assistance or encouragement was received from the State.

It is difficult to say with certainty how many poor schools we had seventy-five years ago. But from such study as I have been able to give to the statistics, I am satisfied that the ten schools of 1800 had been increased at least six or sevenfold by 1830, and that we had made at least as much progress in proportion to our means and numbers as any of the other religious bodies in this country. This, then, was our position seventy-five years ago, that we had in the whole country some sixty or seventy poor schools. And now I have to answer the question: What have we done since then? We have now more than 1,070 schools, providing accommodation for over 400,000 children. And let us see how this has come about. In 1833, the Government began to grant money for the building of poor schools. They gave £20,000 a year for six years, but not one penny of this came to us Catholics. Still we went on building schools. They were built for the poor, and very largely by the poor; and in 1851 we certainly had 311 schools. They were badly wanted, for before this there had come the great immigration from poor famine-stricken Ireland. But the immigrants brought with them their tradition of what may be called reckless generosity in the support of their Church; and

their pennies collected week by week have during the past seventy-five years done a great part of the work of the building up of our churches and schools. We received no share from the building grants until, I think, the year 1852. Up to that date more than £600,000 had been granted by the State for the building of schools other than Catholic schools. I cannot, even if I had time, tell you how the number of our schools increased from year to year between 1851 and 1870, when Mr. Forster's Education Act was passed. But I can tell you that in 1871 we had 383 schools. Of course you all know that the year 1870 was the commencement of a new educational era. It introduced compulsory education and School Boards, and the severe competition between the Voluntary schools and the Board schools.

The Bible teaching which was allowed in the Board and is now allowed in the Council schools was not unsatisfactory to the Protestant nonconformists, and many of their schools have been handed over to School Boards or Councils. They had about 1,700 schools in 1871, and only about 1,200 in 1904. The Church of England made a great effort, and having 6,724 schools in 1871, had by 1904 increased their number by some 5,000 additional schools. But although in the net result the Church of England schools have been largely increased in number, there is no doubt that a certain number of their schools have been given up to School Boards or County Councils. We are proud to say that in spite of the severe competition since 1870, in spite of the increasing demands of the Education Department, not one of our schools has been abandoned. The number of schools has continuously increased from 1870 to the present time. We had 383 schools in 1871, and we have now about 1,070.

What does this mean? How much has it cost to provide the 400,000 school places in our 1,070 schools, of which 1,000 have been built during the past seventy-five years? And consider for a moment what our resources have been and are. We have a certain small minority of rich people who have contributed liberally; but they are very few in proportion to the numbers of our poor. We have a small middle class which has, I am quite sure, answered most generously, according to its means, to the calls made upon it. And then we have the great body of our people who are poor, very many of them miserably poor. And of their contributions to the work of

church building and school building I cannot speak without using language which may seem exaggerated. I know the sacrifices which they are always ready to make. The individual contributions are small, sometimes pathetically small, when the small coin given represents all that the donor has. But the amount of their accumulated pennies is wonderfully large. In our great towns where there are large populations of poor Catholics, I believe that I am exaggerating only a little, if at all, when I say that our poor schools have been built mainly by the poor for themselves. And what has been the amount required? Father W. Pinnington, of Liverpool, in a letter to the *Tablet* the other day, put it down at £3,000,000. He tells me that the expenditure of the School Boards in providing school accommodation was, on an average, £15 11s. per place. Making all allowances for the much greater economy which Catholic managers are compelled to practise, he thinks that it would be fair to say that the Catholic schools have cost to build half as much as the Board Schools. This would give an amount of a little over £3,000,000. And now let me anticipate and answer a criticism which is sure to be made.

There is no doubt that a portion of this expenditure has been contributed by the State in the form of building grants. I can give you the exact figure from a Blue Book published in 1902. Out of our 1,070 schools, a grant has been received in respect of 87 schools only. The total amount of the grant received from first to last was £50,579; and the amount voluntarily subscribed for building these 87 schools was £143,612. So that our schools have cost a sum approaching to £3,000,000, out of which £50,579, or *one-sixtieth* part only, has been found by the State.

But this is not all. Before the Education Act of 1902 came into force, a large part of the cost of maintaining our schools had to be provided by voluntary contributions. And the amounts subscribed year by year from 1870 to 1902 by Catholics for the maintenance of their schools, affords very striking evidence of the efforts which they made to hold their own in the competition, which grew more severe from year to year, with the rate-supported Board Schools. In 1870 the amount of voluntary subscriptions, excluding money received from endowments, for the maintenance (and maintenance only) of Catholic schools was £22,387. Ten years later, in 1880, it was £54,481; in 1890 it was £70,912; in 1900 it was £81,181; and in 1902

it was £87,520. The total amount subscribed for the maintenance of our schools between 1870 and 1902 was £2,109,463. Thus, without taking into account the amount received from endowments, which was not inconsiderable, or any part of the money subscribed for the maintenance of schools before 1870, and after deducting the money received from the State by way of building grants, the amount which the Catholic people of this country have voluntarily provided in order that their children, and especially the children of their poor, may be educated by Catholic teachers in Catholic schools has been more than £5,000,000.

With these figures I must bring this address to a close. And I shall conclude by asking two questions. The first I should be glad to address to my non-Catholic friends; not to any political party, but to my fellow-countrymen at large, who I am sure will not intentionally do us any injustice. I would ask them whether it is not plain that our Catholic people are in earnest in their determination, in discharge of that which they believe to be a conscientious duty, to have their children educated in Catholic schools? The second question I put to those who are gathered together in this Reunion of the Catholics of the diocese of Birmingham: What do you think of the work that has been accomplished by our fathers and grandfathers during the past seventy-five years? Did they not do their duty nobly? They seem at this moment to be calling upon us to emulate their example.

JOSEPH WALTON.

Catholics at the National Universities.

NEARLY a decade has now elapsed since, in response to a petition addressed to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, through the English Bishops, by a large and representative body of English Catholics (including the majority of the Catholic Peers and many University graduates), permission was granted by the Holy See, under certain conditions and with certain clearly-defined safeguards, for the Catholic youth of this kingdom to frequent the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. As was expected by those who were most interested in obtaining the desired concession, it has been taken advantage of to a considerable extent during the past seven or eight years. In addition to the contingent of young Catholics from various Continental countries who have been, in somewhat increasing numbers, availing themselves of the peculiar advantages of English University education, there has been a fairly constant and steady influx of pupils of our principal Catholic schools into most of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The experiment of sending Catholic boys to these Universities may in fact now be said to have passed out of the experimental stage, and to have on the whole justified the anticipations of those to whose initiative and efforts it was owing that the idea first took practical shape. The moment has therefore seemed opportune for a resident graduate of Oxford, who himself took no part in the movement, but who has watched its development with deep interest, to sum up the situation, to the best of his ability, as it now exists. As an Oxford man, whose life and work has been closely connected with his own University for some years past, he hopes to be excused if much of what he has to say seems to refer rather to Oxford than to Cambridge. Nevertheless, there cannot but be much similarity of conditions and circumstances in the position of Catholic undergraduates at both Universities; and though some of the facts here given are based on detailed knowledge

of Oxford only, it is probable that the general principles involved will be found to be applicable to Cambridge in an equal degree.

What it occurs to me to say on the subject of Catholics attending the National Universities falls, by a very natural division, under two or three obvious heads. I begin by giving a few facts and figures based on the actual state of things at the present time as regards Oxford. I then dwell briefly on the advantages of a University course for Catholic youths, not only as a preparation for their future careers in life, but also for its own sake: I go on to speak of the risks (both moral and intellectual) incidental to University life, and the means by which these may be lessened or obviated; and this leads me to the conclusion of the whole matter, as far as I am able to formulate one. I think it well, in the first place, to remark that nothing here said as to the advantages or otherwise of young Catholics frequenting non-Catholic Universities is to be taken as indicating my opinion on the question of Catholic boys attending the great public schools of this country. This is doubtless a subject of great importance; but in view of the recent pronouncement of the Bishops of England, and indeed from the very nature of the case, it stands of course on an entirely different plane, and would have to be discussed (if indeed it admits of discussion at all) from a different standpoint and in a different spirit.

I. There are at the present moment between fifty and sixty Catholic undergraduates in residence at the various Colleges of Oxford. This is in addition to about twenty young Religious, Benedictines and Jesuits, who are reading for their degrees at the two University Halls belonging to those Orders; and there are besides a certain number of Catholic graduates permanently resident in Oxford, including one or two Fellows of Colleges. Thus the total number of Catholics connected with the University and living in Oxford, may be put down at nearly a hundred. The considerations put forward in the following pages, however, affect the lay Catholic undergraduates only, and are not intended to apply to the members of the Jesuit and Benedictine Halls. The advantages to them of a University course, in view of their future work—whether teaching, preaching, or anything else—are so obvious, and the risks are so guarded against by their previous training, and by the safeguards of the religious life which they lead in Oxford

as elsewhere, that their position is entirely different from that of the ordinary undergraduates in one or other of the Colleges.

It is to be noted, then, that the number of Catholic undergraduates is only about three per cent. of the total number in residence, and that while the larger number, for various reasons, are members of Christ Church, New College, or Balliol, there are at least one or two at practically every College in the University. Whether this dispersion is advantageous or not is a question on which (as on most questions) something is to be said on both sides ; meanwhile, it is an important factor in the situation that the Catholics do, as a matter of fact, form so very small a proportion of the undergraduate population of each College. Moreover, it would seem that their normal number seems to have been about reached, and no great increase is probably to be looked for in the future, though a certain accession of Catholics may no doubt be expected from the ranks of the Rhodes Scholars when they have reached the full strength contemplated by their founder. Meanwhile, for practical purposes, seventy may be taken as the average number of Catholic undergraduates likely to be resident at any one time in Oxford (at Cambridge, owing to various causes, they are considerably fewer), and it is with this estimate in view that the following pages have been written.

II. It is obvious that any appreciation of the advantages of a University course may be, and should be, made from two separate points of view, according as it is regarded as a preparation for a man's future career, or with reference to the actual life, discipline, and training of the University itself. The value of a University as a training-ground for a man's future naturally depends on what that future is intended to be. Of the undergraduates in residence at Oxford at any given time, many of course look forward to the ministry of the Anglican Church, or to the legal profession in one or other of its branches. Others aspire to the Civil Service, either home, Indian, or colonial ; some (many more of recent years than formerly) to the army ; a good many to the unprofitable trade of schoolmastering. Some—though fewer than of old—have in view the life of a country gentleman, with its varied interests and duties ; while the prospect before a certain number is a business career, not as a rule beginning at the bottom, sweeping out the office or "polishing the handle of the big front door," but rather entering a business ready-made, either as managing

clerks, junior partners, or what not. Literature and journalism, too, have their votaries, and so has the Stock Exchange. For some, political life has its attractions, while there are always a few whose ambition lies in the direction of a life of leisured learning at one or other of the Universities. With the exception, of course, of the first-named, there is not, I think, one of the careers which I have mentioned which has not its aspirants among our small body of Catholic undergraduates at Oxford. Of every one, indeed, I have personally known instances in the past few years; and I do not think it can be seriously disputed that in every single case it is of distinct advantage to a young man to have previously gone through a University career with credit to himself. I do not ignore the arguments that were formerly adduced against the view that the advantages offered by Oxford and Cambridge were great and obvious, and that the dangers were not more than a youth would encounter in the course, for example, of his training for the medical profession. An eminent prelate, writing on the opposition side, contended that because the medical and other professions constituted a distinct career, a definite calling in life, a youth who had the vocation to embrace such a career would obtain the *gratia status*, the necessary helps to enable him to withstand the dangers incidental to his preparation for the work of his life; whereas he could not expect, and would not obtain, such special protection by deliberately encountering the unnecessary risks inseparable from a non-Catholic University. I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to point out that the whole of this argument is based on a *petitio principii*. If, as there is no room to doubt, a University training is advantageous, expedient, or necessary as an equipment for certain careers or professions, then, on the eminent prelate's own showing, those who are going through that training have a right to expect the very supernatural helps of which he speaks. I need not add more in this connection, except to point out that it is only in quite recent years that for certain professions—for example, that of a soldier—a previous course at the University has been generally accepted as an admirable training. Every one is aware that commanding officers of the best regiments in the service are now, as a rule, particularly glad to welcome University candidates, and that for various reasons which I need not dwell upon here.

III. As to the advantages *in se* offered to young men by three

or four years of University training and discipline, it is not necessary to say very much. One of the obvious functions of University life, apart from the actual book-learning imparted and assimilated during the time spent at college, is the bridging-over of the difficult gulf between boyhood and manhood. At the University the boy learns to be a man; and our boys are so childish (or child-like, if that word be preferred) on leaving school that they need that preliminary training for the world, that apprenticeship to the realities of life, even more than others. Then, of course, for a *clever* boy, it is the carrying on, the completion of his education (as far as education is ever complete), the intellectual emulation, the friction of mind with mind, the coming into daily contact with better men than himself, whether as companions or as tutors, which is so wholesome an antidote to the priggishness that besets the clever boys who leave school at the top of their forms, and think themselves Admirable Crichtons, with nothing more to learn. I feel as if I were uttering truisms, giving vent to mere platitudes, when I point out these as some of the obvious advantages of three or four years at the University after school days are finished. But I am not, of course, theorizing on the subject, but recalling the examples—the many examples—I have seen (I am not speaking only of Catholics) of the mental development, the widening of the intellectual horizon, which have been among the visible and obvious results of a University career.

IV. I come now to the drawbacks and dangers for which a young Catholic entering on his University course ought to be prepared, and which he will certainly have to encounter—and here I may say what perhaps rather belongs to the next part of my subject, in which I refer to the means available to minimize these drawbacks and to meet these dangers. Never, it seems to me, and under no circumstances, is the saying more true, "Forewarned is forearmed," than it is in this connection; and I can imagine nothing more foolish, nothing more perilous, than for parents, guardians, schoolmasters, to let a youth who has been brought up in the sheltered atmosphere and guarded surroundings of a Catholic home and a Catholic school, drift, so to speak, into the entirely novel—startlingly novel, it may well be—environment of the University, as it is to-day, without proper warning and advice. For he will—and this I wish emphatically to insist on—he will find the atmosphere, the environment, the surroundings changed; and it is impossible

for me, speaking from the point of view of a Catholic priest, to avoid adding, changed for the worse. A different and a lower standard of morals, a widespread indifference to religion, both among his companions and frequently among his tutors and teachers, that is often indistinguishable from professed agnosticism, a systematic self-indulgence and absolute contempt of the ascetic spirit which the Catholic religion has taught him is inseparable from the practice of true Christianity, an exaggerated admiration of physical powers and athletic achievement—a tendency towards what I may call sentimental æstheticism—these are only some of the pitfalls and quicksands which open before the feet of the newly-emancipated freshman as he starts on his University course, and which constitute a real moral risk to the young Catholic coming straight from a Catholic school or a Catholic home. Far be it from me to exaggerate these moral dangers, or to maintain that they are graver or more insidious or more imminent than the Catholic boy must encounter in any surroundings in which he finds himself in beginning the real battle of life. I knew Oxford fairly intimately a quarter of a century ago, and I know it fairly intimately now, and my deliberate opinion is that the ethical standard among undergraduates has become conspicuously higher in that interval. A sermon preached by the Bishop of London a few weeks ago in the University church at Oxford drew some attention to the moral state of the University, especially as regards the extent of drinking that prevails there. A great deal has been written and said on the subject, both inside and outside Oxford; but all that concerns me here is to express my belief that while anything like habitual drinking for drinking's sake would be looked on as distinctly reprehensible and indeed disgraceful, there is not that healthy trend of public opinion which one would like to see against intermittent excess on the occasion of collegiate celebrations and similar festivities. It is an instance of what I have already said, that the Catholic entering at Oxford will find the moral standard of the majority of those around him, both in this and in other matters, distinctly lower, and their consciences far less sensitive to the distinction between right and wrong, than the Catholic standard and the Catholic conscience are and must be. And this I believe, and I know, to be a source of real danger to him—the ever-present danger, indeed, of coming down himself by imperceptible degrees to a lower level, and obscuring or losing altogether

those high ideals of what is right and what is wrong which are the necessary fruit of Catholic teaching.

So much for the moral dangers. I must now refer to the intellectual side—the danger to which a young Catholic may be exposed, in faith as well as in morals, in going through the academical course, and attending the lectures of a University which is, if not anti-Catholic, at least obviously, I may say notoriously, non-Catholic in its official capacity. That there are such intellectual risks and dangers it would be foolish to ignore; but it is difficult to generalize about them, because in this matter practically everything depends on what is the line of an undergraduate's studies, what is his mental calibre, what his previous upbringing, and into what sort of hands he falls, I mean as regards tutors and lecturers, for his intellectual training. Of course, for the average pass-men (who form the bulk of our Catholic undergraduates, as they do of the undergraduate body at large), one need not say much about the danger to faith inherent in the course of studies which *they* have to pursue in view of their pass-degree. For men who aim merely at the modicum of learning—classical or mathematical, scientific or historical—necessary for such a degree, it may safely be said that such dangers do not present themselves in any acute form. But we must remember that a very considerable percentage of the Catholic undergraduates—exclusive of the members of the Benedictine and Jesuit Halls, who all read for honours without exception—do come up with laudable ambition to do well in the schools, and that the larger number of them enter at two or three colleges which insist on every undergraduate taking up honours in some part of his career. As a rule such students are those who have been picked out by their authorities at school as likely to do well at the University; and as the majority of those who go in for the final honours course take up either *Literae Humaniores*, i.e., philosophy and ancient history, or else the school of Modern History, it is in these branches of study, as taught at Oxford, that we should have to look for such intellectual danger, or dangers, to faith, as I have indicated. Not, of course, that the study of natural science is without its risks also. I do not suppose that the honour student who confines himself to chemistry and physics (as he can do if he likes) can probably go very far astray. But should his subjects be physiology and biology, the case will be different; for I say without hesitation that the spirit which

animates some of our most eminent lecturers on these subjects, and of course inspires their lectures and their teaching, is one which to a Catholic, or indeed a Christian, seems nothing else than unblushing materialism. If any one doubts the noxious influence which may be exercised by even elementary teaching on such a subject, when informed by such a spirit, let him study the *Catéchisme de Physiologie*, by the notorious Paul Bert, a little book as fascinating in style as it is (to the mind of a Christian) pestilential in doctrine, which has been printed in millions and was imposed some years ago by the French Education Department as an elementary text-book on the primary schools of France.

I should like to say a few words on the philosophical side of our Greats, or *Literae Humaniores* school at Oxford, high honours in which are deemed a greater distinction than in any other, and which naturally attracts the most brilliant and promising of our students, Catholic as well as non-Catholic. If I may formulate a conclusion before adducing reasons, here it is. I consider it would be a grave responsibility to advise a Catholic youth to take this school at Oxford, unless he had either already studied philosophy from a Catholic standpoint, or had some one at Oxford to refer to who knows both points of view. The teaching of philosophy at Oxford is not so much anti-religious, as it is inclined to suggest that a man may and can with advantage dispense with religion. Quite apart from the question of their truth or falsity, the Oxford philosophical tenets are presented to students, with all the accessories of culture and learning brought to bear on them and adorn them and illustrate them, totally independent of any supernatural sanction; and hence the tendency is to lead students to think that there is no need of religion, that it need not be taken into account. The point of view of the Catholic philosopher is not so much opposed as entirely neglected. What is then the danger to a Catholic youth sitting at the feet of these Oxford philosophers? Obviously, that he may learn to do without religion in practice as well as in theory; that religion may cease to occupy the all-important place, to have the vital hold upon him, that it has had all his life hitherto. A man might, and indeed does, go through the whole course of philosophy as taught at Oxford without ever realizing that the scholastics have (as an historical fact) taken Aristotelianism and given an exposition of it in the phraseology of dogmatic religion; that is,

have given a metaphysical substructure to revealed truths. Of course he might find this out from his own reflection and reading, but it would be independent of, I may say in spite of, his tutors and his lectures; the fact that philosophy may subserve revealed religion is left entirely to his own devices to discover. Herein, it seems to me, is the risk of advising or encouraging an inexperienced young Catholic—to whom the Oxford philosophy is the only philosophy of which he has ever known anything, or will ever know anything—to read for this particular school. I do not wish to underrate what is good and fine in it. The simple fact that Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Ethics* are the text-books is immensely in its favour; for no man who intelligently reads these books (the very groundwork of Scholasticism as a philosophy) can, I think, ever be a materialist. Nor is the general tendency of the school towards making a man either a materialist or a sceptic. It is not destructive; on the contrary the Idealism, whether of Berkeley or of Hegel, tends to be, and means to be, constructive.¹ Moreover, it is only fair to say that while these subjects are dealt with (as I have said) by their exponents purposely, professedly, and absolutely apart from religious considerations, nowhere could greater allowance be made for, or more considerate regard shown to a philosophy which includes dogmatic religion within its scope. So, let me repeat, what we want and I think should insist on, in the case of Catholic candidates entering on this important study, is either a previous acquaintance with philosophy from a Catholic standpoint, or some one at Oxford itself who is competent and willing to expound philosophy from such a standpoint. Failing both these, what we desiderate are books on Catholic philosophy and its allied subjects which will deal with these matters on the same lines of treatment which such subjects receive at Oxford. Best of all, a chair of philosophy, endowed say for the express purpose of the exposition of scholasticism as applied to modern thought.

I have dwelt too long, perhaps, on this important subject, and must touch only in a few words on the other Honour

¹ I have not referred in the text to the so-called pragmatic philosophy, of which Mr. Schiller is the Oxford apostle; for its adherents are so few as hardly to count. But even this curious system, tending as it does to discredit intellectualism, to make morality the test of truth, and practically to deny the existence of objective truth altogether, is constructive in morals, or means to be. "Even if there be no God," it says in effect, "you must believe in one, or at least act as if you did, if you will be a better man for such belief."

School to which I have referred, that of modern history. The drawbacks to a young Catholic entering on a prolonged course of historical study, under the direction of men who look at and treat the whole subject from an absolutely non-Catholic standpoint, are sufficiently obvious; and the safeguards are surely as obvious as the dangers. A Catholic boy entering on such a course should be fortified beforehand by a firm grasp of Catholic principles and should, if possible, have had some kind of logical training to enable him to detect the fallacies and disentangle the sophistries which will certainly come in his way in the various lecture-rooms which he attends. It has been said, and said, I think, too lightly, that a Catholic youth will naturally discount the anti-Catholic bias which from time to time peeps out in the historical lectures which he hears, and that no impression saving a passing sense of irritation or discomfort is made on his mind by such statements (to cite only two which were repeated to me within the last few weeks) as that "the Pope would have been willing to grant Henry VIII. any number of divorces had it not been for the influence of Charles V.," or (this was in a lecture on the Natural Law) "that all must admit Newman's desertion of the Church of England to have been an act of deplorable moral weakness." I dissent from the comfortable theory that the Catholic student "discounts" such statements as these, made *ex cathedra* by men whose views and teaching he is accustomed to respect and to accept. They may be and sometimes are a real *σκάνδαλον* to him—a real stumbling-block in his path; and it is because he is liable to encounter such stumbling-blocks, that I have maintained that he should be fortified in the way I have indicated before entering on the study of history as it is taught at Oxford.

V. I must now draw to a conclusion. I have referred to the undeniable advantages of a University course, both in itself and as a preparation for a future career, and I have pointed out what I believe (not without experience) to be some of the dangers and difficulties, moral and intellectual, which must inevitably be encountered by a handful of young Catholics thrown among three or four thousand companions differing widely from themselves in religion, as well as in previous education, training, and all that that implies. But I do not wish to end my remarks in a pessimistic key; I will not even make my own the common saying: "Well, after all, our boys will be no worse off at Oxford and Cambridge than they would be if

they went out straight into the great world." I believe, on the contrary, that they are infinitely better off. There are dangers, but there are the means at hand to overcome them. There are pitfalls in their way; but there are lamps also to light their path, and to enable them to see and avoid the pitfalls. I get letters from "old boys" of Catholic schools—old boys, but very young men—working in Cornish mines, attending medical schools in the East End of London, living alone in lodgings in provincial towns, roughing it in distant colonies, serving in the army on remote stations, with no church within reach, and not a single Catholic comrade at hand. These are positions more difficult—who can doubt it?—than those of our Catholic boys at Oxford and Cambridge. They have their difficulties too, as I have shown, but they have a whole armoury of weapons ready to their hand with which to encounter them. They have their own chapels and their own chaplains, devoted entirely to their service. They have their daily Mass, their frequent access to the Sacraments, their weekly conferences or lectures, their Catholic Societies—the "Fisher" and the "Newman," with periodical meetings for debate and discussion and friendly intercourse. They have, many of them, their school friends at the University, and opportunities of making new friends, as many do, among Catholic students who come up from other schools. In a word, they have a hundred helps to enable them to bridge over with the best advantage to themselves the important years of adolescence that lie between their school-days and the work of their lives, whatever it is to be. Only—let this be my last word—it is the *right sort* of boy, and no other, whom Catholic parents and guardians and schoolmasters must choose to go on from school to University. That choice has not always been wise in the past, and it has been followed before now by disaster and downfall. If he has been the right sort of boy at home and at school, he will be the right sort at Oxford and Cambridge too, going through his academic course with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his superiors; educating himself, in the true sense of that much-abused word; exercising a real apostolate among his young companions, and edifying them, not the less really because unconsciously, by the example of a stainless life; rejecting all that is bad and imbibing all that is good in the age-long traditions of our venerable Universities, about which there still clings, and must for ever cling, the imperishable aroma of their Catholic past.

D. OSWALD HUNTER-BLAIR.

Dead Languages and Living Interest.

"*Studia hilaritate proveniunt.*" (*Pliny*).

GOOD Sir Thomas More once said of himself :

And of truth, cousin, as you know very well, myself am of nature even half a giglot and more ; but scant can I refrain from my fault, old fool as I am ; howbeit so partial will I not be to it as to praise it.

Giglots have one among many virtues. They do not pretend to wisdom by an affectation of chilling gravity ; and so they are often blest with true wisdom instead of being burdened with its pretence. Wisdom, indeed, has fallen to giglots from time immemorial. Pliny bears testimony to it when he says : *Studia hilaritate proveniunt*. If we may be permitted a seeming paradox—study has studiousness for a step-mother, but finds the warmth of a mother's bosom in joy and light-heartedness. And this is truest of literary studies, and of their greatest glory, the classics, where the poetry of life and the music of voice and gesture serve to animate and revive us out of that numbness and dull insensibility which is slowly creeping up the limbs, and stupefying the faculties of humanity. Many, indeed, try to get this poetry and music into their souls, but their success is not measured by their application. The attainment of culture is the whole end and object as it is the choicest fruit of classical study ; yet some have studied Greek and Latin all their lives, and nothing will induce us to style them cultured persons. Others take to Greek and Latin like ducks to water ; they treat their pet authors with an astounding familiarity ; they break away from all the conventions and proprieties established by grammarians, and that they may fill their cup of iniquity to overflowing, they disdain to avail themselves of the profound commentaries, the extensive *apparatus critici* and all the other adjuncts of boredom in the study of the classics ! Surely these, if any, must be "half-giglots and more" ! And yet somehow,—perhaps

because their studies have begun in play, perhaps, too, because they have a goddess-mother, they are enabled to catch that elusive, protean substance we call culture. This culture comes out in their casual remarks; it betrays itself in their very tone and bearing; it suffuses their conversation with a charming note of distinction and refinement. Now, it is not here maintained for an instant that the reason why one student seems to drink in the true spirit and feeling of the classics, while to the other they remain insipid and lifeless, lies merely in this difference of treatment; yet there undoubtedly is an almost unlimited power for good or evil in the way in which the classics are introduced to us. If we are led from our first introduction to have a sympathy and fellow-feeling for them, this early acquaintance is sure to ripen into a life-long intimacy of friendship. The virtue by which this happy intercourse is to be established, is that power, so rarely met with, of infusing life, light, and colour into the classics. They must be shown living and beautiful to attract us, and yet this side of their character is often left out of notice, and they are distorted or dismembered to meet the fads of our twentieth century educators. Macaulay, who delighted to spend long mornings at Clapham playing "Robbers" and "Tigers" with his baby nieces, used frequently to exclaim: "After all, children are the only true poets." Poets, however, feed on poetry, and so we make a point of nourishing the bright and imaginative instincts of our youth on lukewarm and tasteless decoctions of classical authors, adopting a method by which all the poetry is carefully boiled out of them. And this is our way of inspiring the young with a classical ardour!

Is this enthusiasm, however, so eminently necessary? That, of course, largely depends on the ideal we set before ourselves. From the days of Augustus on through many centuries, the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages was regarded as absolutely necessary. "They were in fact," says Professor Nettleship, "the main storehouse of human wisdom." But this theory was, by the subsequent growth of other and more familiar literatures, doomed to extinction.

Since the Renaissance, therefore, it has been gradually abandoned, and two other aspects of the classics have come into prominence. The literary aspect is the study of Greek and Latin writers mainly as models of expression and composition; it has in view the development of that literary feeling which must always be regarded as a natural if not necessary characteristic of the cultivated man. On the other hand,

the scientific aspect regards the classics almost entirely as historical documents, or material for reconstructing a truthful representation of ancient life in all its bearings, moral, religious, social, literary, and political.

These two aspects of the study cannot, however, be looked upon as mutually distinct; they must both be present in some degree, and it is only in so far as one is allowed to predominate over the other that a correspondingly different result is attained.

We may call the predominance of the literary over the scientific aspect, the French spirit of classical study, not through any uncharitable desire of laying at the door of French scholars a vague charge of superficiality, but because the literary tradition has always flourished amongst them. Witness Victor Bérard's bright and inspiring work, *Les Phéniciens et l'Odysée*, which, though one may not accept its principal theses, remains a very suggestive contribution to our literature on the subject. Unfortunately, the Revolution dealt a heavy blow to Hellenic study in France, but it is consoling to see from the more recent publications of French scholars that it is in a fair way of recovery. A glance at any of their lists of authors to be read for University Examination purposes will show us what is peculiar to their system. We find the syllabus for the *Baccalauréat* or the *Licence ès Lettres* made up of an innumerable selection of purple patches from almost every Greek and Latin author of note. In Virgil it is Eurydice and parts of the sixth book; in Lucretius we meet such old friends as *Suave mari magno* or *Æneadum genetrix*; in Homer it is Hector and Andromache, and so on throughout the list. They believe in sewing together the best pieces of every author into one disconnected but glorious patchwork, and then leaving each one to make for himself the best of this kaleidoscopic jumble of old gold. Frankly, this system lays itself open to adverse criticism, but it has one great recommendation. It offers to the student's notice only of what is best in the classics, and does not surfeit him with long, barren tracts of Lucretius, or cloy him with Ovid's endless clevernesses and rhetorical lamentations. Ultimately, be it remembered, it is not the business of classical education to produce great scholars and eminent specialists, but it is its business to send out into the world men who, as Mr. Page feelingly says:

amid the hard and sometimes sordid conditions of modern life, can turn not unhappily from the turmoil and the stress to Homer,

Sophocles, and Plato, or even to that ungrammatical but always beautiful Greek of the New Testament. It might be done now, and it was done when men had only simple and bad texts, when commentaries and professors were few: when there were no Argonauts, no Kodaks, and no Greek plays; when somehow unallured by what was external and unimportant, they did come into living touch with that which is living and immortal.

The predominance of the scientific over the literary aspect may be fitly termed the German spirit of classical study. Here the student's attention is in the main directed, not to the form of the great writers, but rather to their matter, not to their literary feeling, imaginativeness, individualities, and beauties, but rather to the critical and historical problems raised by their writings. Archæology, Comparative Philology, Textual Criticism, and almost every branch of classical research has found its ablest exponents and most illustrious representatives in Germany. The acute and indefatigable diligence of German students has achieved such triumphs in every department of ancient literature, as to place their merits far above the reach of detraction. Nay, the scholars of other nations may almost be said to rest contented with acknowledging their pre-eminence and digesting the fruits of their toil.

Perhaps it is, more than anything else, this universal admiration for their great achievements in classical research, that has given what one cannot but regard as an unfortunate tendency to our present system of literary training—a tendency towards the development, if not the alteration, of the whole scope and character of classical study. This study is no longer what it used to be—chiefly literary—but it has opened dealings with a multitude of technical and collateral questions. We all, now-a-days, even the youngest of us, have to dip our fingers into the tar of superficial Archæology, Orthography, and Pronunciation, while in our Latin and Greek text-books, the few wistful pages of Latin and Greek lie buried under an avalanche of emendations, conjectures, and appendices on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. Things have come to such a pass that we no longer study the author, but our concern is with those who have written about him; and their name is legion; may the legion's fate be theirs!

What is the consequence of all this encumbrance of erudition? We know more about classical writers and know them less. We have found it impossible to disregard the splendid

contributions of a Lachmann, a Madvig, or a Niebuhr, and in consequence have adopted the fatal policy of open door to German learning. A self-respecting editor with a turbine winnowing-fan, and the breeze of popular opinion in his favour might have saved us by sifting the wheat and letting the chaff blow over our heads. But now, as we have fallen, so we lie, stupefied, unresisting beneath an incubus of matter decomposed in Germany. Out of the myriad pamphlets and badly-stitched paper-bound volumes with which it has deluged us, the really valuable contribution to scholarship comes as rarely to hand as the proverbial silver spoon in a dust heap. Nor is this to be wondered at; for the specialization to which its learned men consecrate the undivided labours of their best years, in carrying such sciences as Comparative Philology, Textual Criticism, or any branch of Archæology a step forward, is open to a multitude of dangers. It is apt to distort into undue prominence what is only of secondary importance, even if it does not end by burying its votary under a confused mass of brute details. What is to rescue him from this plight; how is he to evolve an ordered and plausible theory from out the wealth of trifles he has accumulated? The tradition of "the Fatherland" comes to his aid. "Scepticism," it imperiously declares, "is preferable to superstition; sift therefore all things; doubt in all things; apply relentless logic to all things." And so because poor Thucydides cannot wholly fend off adverse criticism he is gashed and torn, hacked and hewn, till hardly anything of his original self is left for his mother to know him by. Yet, most inconsistently, in the Mitylene incident of the Peloponnesian War, where an incredibly monstrous execution of a thousand rebels, can, by the infinitesimal change of a single letter in the text, be given a meaning in harmony with all we know of contemporary history, the editors will sooner set Proteus with his seals athwart the elms, than allow the authenticity of their bastard fragment to be impugned! On the other hand we find Lachmann questioning the genuineness of a passage in the *Iliad* wherein Apollo is shown launching his arrows at the Achæans, because a previous passage has notified his departure on an excursion to Æthiopia with his fellow-Olympians. With a ruthless application of the laws of time and space, our editor finally succeeds in proving to his satisfaction an incontestable *alibi* for the "Far-Darter,"—what more could be desired? As well might he have objected to Vulcan's attendance at the

picnic. He, poor fellow, was, as we know, incommoded with a game leg—a regular joke this leg used to be among the gods—and he must therefore have found it impossible to cover the distance in reasonable time! Then there is a charming *naïveté* in the infinite credit they will sometimes take to themselves. Does a nation fail to appreciate its literary excrescences? Painful Teutons will teach it the art of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers! Have two thousand years missed the clue to a hopeless riddle? Lo! salvation flashes on the world from a farthing candle at Heidelberg! And lest their lucubrations should be consigned to merited oblivion, we find Professor Henning bringing out, within the last few months, a voluminous *Kritischer Kommentar* of the Odyssey—a complexus of all that German *Wolfomania* has ever raved on the subject.

Quem vocet divom populus ruentis
Imperi rebus . . . ?

Certainly, unless we discountenance such contributions, not only the “empire” of the classics, but their very existence will be in jeopardy. For a sound opinion on German productions generally, it will do us good to listen to the delightful discussion between a precocious lad and a scholarly old man which a delightful book¹ has preserved for us. The little fellow has escaped from the thralldom of the nursery, and is now seated in the study of the meditative old vicar, with whom he has struck up a chance acquaintanceship.

“But as for those Germans,” he [the old scholar] began abruptly, “the scholarship is there, I grant you; but the spark, the fine perception, the happy intuition, where is it? They get it all from us!”

“They get nothing whatever from us,” I said, decidedly; the word German only suggesting bands, to which Aunt Eliza was bitterly hostile.

“You think not,” he rejoined doubtfully, getting up and walking about the room. “Well, I applaud such fairness and temperance in so young a critic. They are qualities—in youth—as rare as they are pleasing. But just look at Schrumpffius, for instance—how he struggles and wrestles with a simple γάρ in this very passage here!” I peeped fearfully through the open door, half-dreading to see some sinuous and snark-like conflict on the mat; but all was still. I saw no trouble at all in the passage, and I said so.

“Precisely,” he cried, delighted. “To you who possess the natural scholar’s faculty in so happy a degree, there is no difficulty at all. But to this Schrumpffius——” but here, luckily for me, in came the housekeeper.

¹ *The Golden Age.* By Kenneth Grahame.

Side by side with this tendency to make classical literature an avenue to unpalatable tit-bits of universal information, there has arisen a tendency to depreciate the classics. Its origin may be traced back to many sources. Thus, the great development of commerce has had its influence in promoting utilitarian ideals in education, as in the philosophy of life. Again, the contest that has so long been waging between blood and wealth, has been decided, as finally as it ever will be, in favour of the latter, and money now gains precedence of even polite learning. Nor can it be denied that the rapid strides science has been taking forward in the last few years, and the misdirected enthusiasm of some eminent scientists, have led many to decry, in favour of a more exclusively scientific education, the value of the classics as instruments of mental development.

If the classics are to live on in this land we must give up our effort to copy Germany. The painful assiduity that distinguishes its scholars, their passion for statistics, and let us say, too, their cumbrousness and total lack of the sense of humour, are not for us. We have had our tradition of classical study, but recently it has been wearing a sad and troubled look. Like our late Prime Minister, classics have felt the bitterness of being unable to defend or even define their position. If there is any hope for the future of our Latin and Greek studies, it is in the serious resolve of the Classical Association to take in hand the reform of our present system. Mr. Page, in a brilliant and charming paper read before its members, to which we have already had occasion to refer, gave a masterly account of the difficulties under which we are now labouring, and offered many valuable suggestions towards the lightening and brightening of our school curricula. His sentiments have been sympathetically re-echoed by schoolmasters from all parts of the kingdom, and it happily seems as though the indifference of the majority to the classics has stirred the devotion of scholars to what is really inspiring and ennobling in their study. Those who have undergone the disenchanting experience of trying to teach small boys the elements of Latin and Greek cannot have failed to observe how utterly the present methods of teaching these languages fail to arouse their literary instincts. A disproportionate amount of grammar and syntax takes all the cream out of even such trite and silly anecdotes as grace the pages of our elementary Latin readers. But give a bright picture of an

historical period, fill in details to overflowing, and the story is enthusiastically reproduced for you with an astounding accuracy and *savoir faire*. The insatiable appetite of small boys for stories, their eagerness to forget the present and transport themselves into a world peopled by creatures of their own imagining, their love of war, mystery, and danger, their appreciation of the minutest details, their distaste for anything that looks like affectation or mere sentiment—what does all this present, if not the choicest of grounds for implanting and fostering a taste for literature, both ancient and modern! When their minds are yet open and imaginative, keenly alive to bright sensations, sound, colour, light, and beauty, the advent of the Muses ought not to be unwelcome. But how do they present themselves, or rather how are they introduced to boys? Their coming is heralded by pedantically-written grammars, “a jargon about matters meaningless, which has to be learnt by rote.” Then Clio descends from cloudy Olympus in the shape of a cumbrous Xenophon or Cæsar, and they are allowed to do a few lines a day, with full analysis and parsing of the same, and continuous reference to notes at the back, and many a stirring appeal to physical sensations, when the short-lived stimulus of novelty and interest has ceased to act.

They do ten lines of Xenophon, narrating how he marched so many parasangs and took breakfast. . . . [Like Xenophon’s despairing column], they straggle along, knowing not whence or whither.

They stray through a desolate region,
And often are faint on the march.

One by one they fall out of the ranks; they mutiny against Xenophon; they murmur against that commander; they desert his flag. They determine that anything is better than Greek, that nothing can be worse than Greek, and they move the tender hearts of their parents. They are put to learn German; which they do not learn, unluckily, but which they find it comparatively easy to shirk. In brief, they leave school without having learned anything whatever.¹

To some these views may seem exaggerated, but the briefest experience of school life will suffice to confirm them.

What we seem to need is a method which leaves composition and all unnecessary grammar and syntax aside for two or three years, and makes the course of Latin and Greek reading easy and delightful. Wide and varied reading, both in the early stages and later on,—Lord Halsbury suggests—is best

¹ *Essays in Little*. By A. Lang—“Homer and the Study of Greek.”

fitted to excite interest in, and heighten the enjoyment of, classical literature. And when composition begins to assert its claims, it will be able to eke something for itself out of the stores that a course of reading has previously laid in.

It is, however, objected that the classics, and composition in particular, develop the imitative faculty at the expense of originality and thought. This is rather the fault of the method than of the study, for if literary exercises do not afford ample scope for originality, it may indeed be questioned whether opportunity for the free play of this faculty is to be found anywhere at all. Composition in prose and verse, literary adaptations, lampoons, skits, parodies, and indeed all manner of effusions, offer a wide field for the exercise of the scholar's inventive genius. We have, perhaps, in the past, been too much in the habit of strait-lacing the classics and parading them in their Sunday best. Yet Horace never was meant to stand on a pedestal, and why should it be thought ungenerous or disrespectful to make fun of Virgil's serenity and solemn grandeur? Many a sober politician would plump down a good round sum to figure in *Punch*; and do we not also find some analogy to such treatment in the jests and witticisms that are bandied about in Catholic lands—on the humours of saints and sinners, how St. Patrick was a gentleman, and how the village wag scored off St. Peter at the gates. In all these quips there lurks no irreverence; on the contrary they betoken a spirit of familiar intercourse, such as, in another sphere, mischievously delights in pouring its mirth over the exalted spaces of Roman epic or Greek tragedy. Think of the exquisite absurdity of rendering a Greek chorus after the fashion of Mr. Housman's familiar version:

In speculation
I would not willingly acquire a name
For ill-digested thought.
But after pondering much
To this conclusion I at last have come
Life is uncertain.
This have I written deep
In my reflective midriff
On tablets not of wax.
Nor with a stylus did I write it there
For obvious reasons. Life I say is not
Divested of uncertainty.

It is a matter of common experience that a class of boys will be immensely tickled by a rendering of Gammer Gurton's

rhymes into Latin or Greek verse, whereas the studied translation of a bit of Tennyson or Shakespeare is only a pleasure to the few. Yet it is but rarely that we find teachers attempting to awaken interest by such methods; though they are practicable with boys in almost any stage of learning. Thus a significant lesson on peculiarities of manner and differences of style could be impressed by some ridiculous travesty of the authors in question. For instance, these traditional versions of: "Does your mother know you're out," and "Has she sold her mangle yet?" strike the essential notes of difference between the passionless grandiloquence of the Greek and the Roman's practical good sense.

Menestheus. Cleanthe!

Cleanthe. My Lord!

Menestheus. Your mother—your kind, excellent mother,
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
And felt within her breast the joyous pride
Of having such a daughter—does she know
Sweetest Cleanthe, you have left the shade
Of the maternal walls?

Cleanthe.

She does, my Lord.

Menestheus. And, but I scarce can ask the question—when
I last beheld her, 'gainst the whitened wall
Stood a strong engine, flat and broad and heavy,
Its entrails stones, and moved on mighty rollers,
Rend'ring the crisped web as soft and smooth
As whitest snow—That engine, sweet Cleanthe,
Fit pedestal for household deity,
Lares and old Penates,—has she't still?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know; pray tell me, is it sold?

The Roman goes quicker to work.

Tell me, my Julia, does your mother know
You're out? And has she sold her mangle yet?

It is significant that the spirit which runs into such *jeux d'esprit* is productive of serious contributions, most vividly coloured and true to life. An eminent example of this may be seen in Sir George Trevelyan's paper on *An Ancient Greek War*. We venture to quote this description of a battle, though the extract must be but a poor substitute to the reader for the perusal of the whole.

Free from the smoke of a modern engagement, and the fog and drizzle of a suburban, British review, an Hellenic battle must have been a gallant sight. In purple tunics and burnished armour the men stood,

ten, fifteen, and twenty deep, beneath a glittering forest of spear-heads. Those who were well-to-do had no lack of gold about their greaves and breastplates, and were dandified in plumes and sword-belts; while even the poorest citizen wore a helmet fashioned by the exquisite taste of a Greek artificer. It must have been a trial for the nerves of the bravest to stand biting his moustache; humming a bar of the pæan which he was to sing within the next quarter of an hour; wondering whether his widow would marry again; hoping that the cobbler on his right might not turn tail, or the teacher of gymnastics on his left shove him out of the line; dimly conscious, meanwhile, that his colonel was exhorting him, in a series of well-turned periods, to bethink himself of the tomb which covered those who died in Thermopylae, and the trophy which stood on the beach at Artemisium. And then the signal trumpet sounded; and the music struck up; and the whole army moved forward, steadily at first, but breaking into a run when only a few hundred yards separated the approaching lines. And, as the distance between grew shorter, and the tramp of the enemy mingled with their own, the front-rank men had just time to try and imagine that the countenances of the people opposite looked like flinching, and that the notes of their war-chant had begun to falter, and the next second there would be a crush of pikes, and a grating of bucklers, and a clutching of beards; and those who would fain be home again were pushed on by the mass behind, excited at hearing the others fighting, and with no steel at its own throat; and after five minutes of thrusting and shouting, and fierce straining of foot and knee and shoulder, the less determined or the worse disciplined of the two hosts would learn, by one more cruel experience, the old lesson that life as well as honour is for those who retain their self-respect and their shields.

Whatever the minor details of a Greek battle may have been, to Sir George Trevelyan the whole scene presented itself as a living reality. And it is this bright and sympathetic spirit which one would like to see more generally animating our studies of ancient literature. It is, as Macaulay used vehemently to assert, an ardour whose flames are better fed by a few torn copies of *Jack the Giant-Killer* than by any hundred grammars that ever were written. Under its influence we may venture to predict a renewed lease of life for the classics, but their doom will be sealed when they have ceased to enlighten, elevate, and broaden the sympathies of mankind, and when their influence no longer calls up from humanity the tender refrain: *Homo sum.*

L. E. BELLANTI.

Extracts from the Papers of a Pariah.

[The standpoint from which these papers are written is of one who, while not yet a Catholic, prefers to judge of the Church by his own observation and the reports of her friends, rather than by prejudice and the accusations of her enemies.]

I.

AT A REQUIEM.

. . . THIS morning I assisted at one of the most impressive dramas in the world—I mean the Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by the Catholic Church on All Souls' Day.

It was sung in a beautiful church, of which the altar, the steps and the reredos were draped in black. In the centre of the choir stood a great catafalque, shaped like a gigantic coffin, yellow and black on a black carpet; six candlesticks as high as a man held each a burning yellow candle. There were three priests at the altar, two of them attached to the church, and the third, who acted as deacon, appeared to be a monk, for his amice-veiled hood hung over his shoulders. There was a small choir of boys who sang very sweetly, and one man who sang alone, for no organ was used, endless and sombre melodies from a great book on a lectern. It was a very dark morning without and within, and the immense slender columns of the church soared up into a gloom that might well be thronged with watching souls. Beneath, perhaps a hundred persons (mostly in black clothes), half of whom were children, stood and knelt and sat without a sound for nearly an hour.

I am quite aware that many regard such a ceremony as idle and useless, if not worse; but they do so from a dogmatic standpoint, and I am not concerned with that now. It is as a representation of death and all that that means that I think it worth describing: for it is to be seriously doubted whether any other religion under the sun gives so adequate and moving a picture of the one eternal tragedy which so far as is possible darkens the light of that sun for us all.

The Church makes no exceptions or concessions in the case of her children who have died in the odour of sanctity: all have fallen short, she declares, and need the mercy of their God. As for the departed souls considered as a body on this day, so for each separate soul that dies in her communion, she prescribes penitence, mourning, and petition. There is no attempt to canonize before the time; no desperate effort after brightness or triumph. White flowers and wreaths of laurel remain still unrecognized in her ritual. It is the same for all, black and smoky yellow, and black again, and, through all, melancholy melodies that wail and soar as if souls indeed were crying from a pit wherein is no water. There is hope, certainly; but not a touch of exultation, for the time for that is not yet come.

Yet her faith and charity are unbounded. In her calendar is set down the words, *In die omnium defunctorum*, without exception or qualifying clause; and in her sanctuary is reared up a catafalque, empty of a material coffin, but crowded, to her mystical eyes, with a multitude which no man can number of souls forgotten and remembered that hasten here to take refuge under a pall as ample as her love and as heavy as death. Round this emblem of dead humanity there is raised a wall of fire, signified by the six flames rising from yellow wax as if to keep off the darkness of the grave; and about it go her priests, sprinkling hallowed water to cleanse corruption, and drowning with sad-smelling, fragrant incense the odour that not even she can wholly obliterate.

It is she again who while eternally young and undying, identifies herself with the myriads of the dead, gathering them all up in her own person. As she looks forward with terrified eyes to the great day which she proclaims is at hand, she cries out in fear, uniting with herself all who will need mercy then.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?
Quem patronum rogaturus ?
Cum vix justus sit securus ?*

And again as she looks back to that from which springs her hope:

*Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa diis. . . .
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*

Then once more she turns on herself, comes back to the present, and while still on earth, prays for those who are not, as a mother might pray for absent children.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: And let light perpetual shine upon them. . . .

Then, as if in a piteous struggle against her own stern creed which declares that eternal destinies are decided at death, she entreats God to deliver the souls of her departed children from the gates of hell: and once more, remembering the Day that is always before her eyes, "Deliver me, Lord," she cries through the mouth of her priest, "from eternal death in that tremendous day: when heaven and earth are moved, while Thou comest to judge the earth through fire. I am all trembling and afraid, while judgment comes and wrath approaches. . . ." "May they rest in peace. Amen."

"Never in any religion," writes a French author, "has a more charitable part, a more august mission, been assigned to man. Lifted by his consecration wholly above humanity, almost deified by the sacerdotal office, the priest, while earth laments or is silent, can advance to the brink of the abyss and intercede. . . . Timid and distant, plaintive and sweet, this *Amen* said, 'We have done what we could, but . . . but . . .'"

Now all this may appear dangerous nonsense to many people; but, as I said before, I am not concerned with dogma. It was as a mirror of my own human instincts and ideas that this Mass for the Dead moved me so profoundly. Whether or not that sacrifice and those prayers prevail, the whole affair was none the less an amazing drama as true to life as to death.

Death is an exceedingly unpleasant fact, but it is a fact; and, I suppose, that there never has lived a man who has not formed some ideas on the subject. There is first of all its horror and darkness; and it is not the smallest use to pretend that we are not aware of these features. The Gospel of Cheerfulness, preached so gaily and courageously by Stevenson, and welcomed so thankfully by many thousands of readers, is a poor thing if it does not take into account the end of us all. Of course the perfection of philosophy is to unite all known data into a single theory; but for most of us it is necessary to go into committee on life, and consider its component elements one by one; we have not attained to the serene heights of eternal

contemplation. While we regard the phenomenon of Birth it is not possible to do justice to that of Death—the cradle and the grave are too far apart to be included in one glance—no more than at marriage a man should set about engaging his counsel for the Divorce Court.

Therefore it is surely wholesome for us now and then, though not too often, to look steadily upon coffins and church-yards. To dwell always in a nuptial chamber or a dining-room is as narrow and enervating, as it is morbid and depressing to pitch our tents permanently in a cemetery. Nor is it even the highest philosophy to level the graves to a lawn and plant flowers there, and turn a stream through it, and pretend that it is something else. It is not something else; it is a cemetery.

Now this element of death is perfectly recognized at a Requiem. I despair of making clear, to those who cannot see it for themselves, the indescribably terrible combination of the colours of yellow and black, the deathliness of the contrast between flames and the unbleached wax from which they rise. No man could come away from a Requiem Mass, where he had behaved with a decent mental composure, without being aware, both from the sights he has looked upon, and the sounds that he has heard—those wailing airs unsupported by the genial organ, those clusters of neumes that rise and falter as they rise—without being aware that Death is a terrible and a revolting thing: I defy him to be eloquent in the bleak Gospel of Cheerfulness for at least ten minutes after the last *Amen* has ceased.

This then is faced; but it is not left there. Other emotions have been represented, and chief among them that emotion of hope that so resolutely refuses to die. A man may laugh at Purgatory, and proclaim in debating societies that he for one regards himself as a candle that will presently be blown out; but when he is quite alone and has drunk his glass of whiskey-and-water, and thrown the butt of his cigarette into the fire, and the last doors have banged, and he gets up and whistles himself into his bedroom—well, I venture to assert that he would not have drunk his glass so genially or whistled so shrilly, if he was not perfectly aware that somewhere below that beautiful waistcoat there was a dim and faint hope that he had over-stated the case just now in Jones' rooms.

That emotion then—quite apart from explicit statements of dogma—has been represented in the Requiem Mass. Else why

the smell of incense, the beads of water, and the candle-flames? It is very well to speak of the "Confraternity of the Faithless . . . where, on an altar, on which no taper burned, a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate with unblessed bread and a chalice empty of wine," but after all, when such a sanctuary is raised, I predict that someone of the Confraternity, no doubt with many apologies and disclaimers, will be found to insist upon striking a match. Men can no more live without fire and light than hearts can continue to beat without hope.

And these two emotions, terror and hope, are welded into a trinity by a third that partakes of the nature of both,—I mean penitence.

We are all perfectly at liberty to dislike that word; it is possible that we associate it with hypocrisy, or weak-mindedness, or crocodile-crying; but we know what is meant by it; and surely it may stand as a label upon that piece of luggage that we all bear with us, and which contains in its paradoxical constitution regret for an irrevocable past, and a certainty that it is neither past nor irrevocable. Charity, Mr. Chesterton says somewhere, is the pardoning of the unpardonable; and may we not add to that, that penitence is a denying of the undeniable?

This emotion too, then, is well represented in a Requiem; in fact we may say that nothing else is represented except so far as it is an element of this. From the *Confiteor Deo omnipotenti* of the three black and white figures bowed at the foot of the altar to the last doubtful *Amen*, the whole performance is nothing else than one heartbroken sob of sorrow. It is possible that we may repudiate the theological idea of sin; but we cannot help allowing (what comes to pretty well the same thing) that there are certain events in our own lives and in the lives of other people, that we regret extremely, certain failures to achieve the right thing, certain achievements which we should prefer to have failed.

And I suppose, too, that when that unpleasant fact to which a Requiem witnesses becomes quite imminent, we shall experience that regret even more acutely; at any rate it would not be unreasonable to do so.

Very well then; it is exactly that in which Mass for the Dead rises a head and shoulders above any other form of funeral devotion. The Catholic Church does not emulate the

eminent man who, when requested by his weeping friend at the hour of death to declare what was it that gave such a supernatural radiance to his face, answered with a patient smile that it was "the memory of a long and well-spent life." On the contrary she makes not one reference to the virtues of the deceased—though it is only just to say that she has done that the day before—she does not recount victories, or even apologize for failures; she does what she considers even better, she deplures them.

The conclusion of the whole matter then is that I am pleased to have gone through those exercises on All Souls' Day, because I feel that they have been extremely good for me. I do not need any reminders that I am alive, nor that immortality may be only a brilliant guess, nor that I am an exceedingly fine, manly, successful, and capable person. But it is not bad for me to be told silently, in a very vivid and impressive manner, that I am certainly going to die some day, that hope is a fact that must be accounted for, and that in spite of my singular probity and extraordinary gifts, there are just a few incidents here and there in my long roll of triumphs for which I should like to be sorry. . . .

II.

ON THE DULNESS OF IRRELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

. . . I have, wreathed in smiles, this moment let out of my front door a second cousin of mine who has done me the honour of paying his respects at my poor house within a week of his arrival in the town; and I must acknowledge that my geniality arose rather from the prospect of his departure than from the retrospect of his visit. I think I have seldom been so much bored; and yet he is a perfectly intelligent man, he converses agreeably, and he listens as much as he talks. And now that I am alone once more, I feel impelled to discuss the mystery of his abysmal dreariness.

In a word, I believe that it arises from his lack of the religious sense.

Now we have not been talking about religion (nor even about art, which I hold to be a kind of religion in solution); in

fact, I seldom wish to engage in conversation about God ; I am sufficiently occupied with thinking about Him. Religion is one of those matters on which my judgment is so entirely in a state of suspense that conversation on the subject can be no more than a weighing of contrary opinions. It is, so to speak, *sub judice*, and the judge's mouth is consequently sealed. I am no controversialist ; I wish neither to give nor receive blows in this quarrel ; I have no interest in dogma beyond the question as to whether it may not happen to be true, and I know that George has no contribution to offer on that point. He has not arrived at the question as to whether it is true, for he has already pronounced sentence to the effect that it cannot possibly be anything but false, and therefore is no more worth his discussing than if a Sadducee should take sides in a scholastic disputation as to the number of angels capable of dancing simultaneously on the point of a pin.

I am not, therefore, piqued by his silence ; on the contrary I appreciate his kindness ; my distress is caused rather by my contemplation of that arid waste which he calls his mind.

Now it is full of facts intelligently selected and arranged ; he has a pretty taste in domestic architecture ; the land where he dwells flows with the milk of human kindness and the honey of friendly affection ; but what is the matter with it is that it is not a Land of Promise. There is nothing whatever beyond ; no glimpse of cloud-wreathed mountains, no peep of a flushed sky, no song of hidden birds, no whisper of a wind that comes whence no man knows and goes whither no man guesses. It is not even shrouded in gloom from which a trumpet of wrath one day might blow ; there is no peak where God's feet might stand when He comes to shake the earth ; no smoke to hint of hidden powers that one night may burst in fire. It is like such a landscape as you might see in a commercial traveller's dream of Paradise. It has paved streets, admirably drained, lines of houses planned on the most modern system, and, beyond, the eye of the dreamer descries a flat plain, watered by a straight river on whose bosom are borne, not gallant ships with poop and gilding, but sensible barges, loaded to the water's edge with the necessaries of life. The fields stand thick with corn, but of such a character that no man is moved to laugh or sing : his sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands, but not in the streets, for that would interfere with the traffic ;

his sons grow up like the young plants, but they are trained properly against the walls; his daughters cannot be compared to polished corners of the temple, for George would not know a temple by sight if he saw one: he would think it to be a Corn-Exchange.

Place by this the mind, let us say, of a dancing dervish or a Welsh revivalist; and what refreshment is there! The houses are ill-planned, the manure-heap it may be drains into them, as in many an Irish village; the children are dirty and stand with tangled hair in eyes and fingers in mouth; there is no economy, no thrift, no organization of resources; there is nothing that spells even the initial letter of Progress; there is not a grain of commonsense to be found in the dilapidated barns; and yet I could spend my life here and not there, for love of the laughter, the tears, the mystery and the hope. For the sky is heavy with rain clouds and gashed with blue; the wind blows your hat off, it may be, but it stirs also the dew on the hedges and lifts the long grass; there is mud underfoot, but there may be jewels there too, or a button perhaps, or a fragment of a chandelier, or a tin soldier, or an ancient boot. There are mountains behind where saints may walk, or elves dance, where the deer live and the goats and strange wild creatures that fly at the sight or scent of man. The tangled string of water that desires you to mistake it for a stream, would bear no barge, it would not turn even a mill-wheel; but it is sufficient to sweep paper boats down sideways, to make music in the night, to tell you of the far-off marshes whence it drew its life, and of the sea that will be its transfiguration and its tomb.

But the matter becomes the death of the doubly-slain when we turn from George's outlook to the prospect seen from a Catholic's window.

Observe, if you please, first the winding street beneath, ill-paved, perhaps, but then it was laid down nineteen centuries ago. There are no side-walks; but is not the jostle of peasant and prince, of apple-woman's cart and beauty's litter; of mangy donkey and knight's steel-clad charger, surprisingly pleasant? Would you seriously change that for a boulevard with electric trams and limes wrapped up in railings? Not that this city has no open spaces; for see far down there beyond the swinging signs and the toppling houses, the great market-square where the images of the saints are sold, and cabbages, and fish

for Friday, and lentils for Ash Wednesday, and all the rest of the dear, evil-smelling truck. There are blows bartered there sometimes, as well as onions and pence, and knives flash out, and little streaks of heart's blood run between the cobbles; but after all, is that so much worse than a solemn-faced policeman and Black Maria and the dispassionate hanging of a frantic man? Look across, too, into that window opposite, scarce a yard away; the diamond panes are thick with dust, but how pleasing is the glow of the wood-fire within, and the dim lines of the carved bed, and the grotesque shadow of the old man sitting over his beans in the chimney-corner. Would you prefer lace-curtains and a geranium-pot?

See that very date and a pair of initials cut in the oak beneath your elbow, scratched three centuries ago perhaps by a lover with a string of beads in one hand and a knife in the other, lust, I dare say, in his heart, but a scapular above it that may save him yet. Is that not better than a foul word scribbled on a paling, that all deplore and none remove?

Look at that tawdry image at the street-corner with a little lamp before it and a faded marigold at its foot. Would you take that down and erect instead a marble image in frock-coat and trousers of a man who had side-whiskers and a blameless life to his credit, and a heart of flesh instead of fire, and eyes that looked upon a banking-book instead of upon God, to his lasting and eternal shame? I tell you that George's town is full of such; and I think that he would invoke them every morning if he had sufficient imagination and no one was looking.

And now for the supreme sight of this amazing city. Look up there to the right and see those monstrous masses, those flying arches, those incredible pinnacles soaring against a sky of pearl and amber. Have you ever seen a sight like that? Look well at it; for some say it is too good to be true; it will crumble when the sun sets; it is an illusion of clouds. (But, for my part, I prefer to think that it is too good not to be true; though I would not bias you for the world.)

Within that long wall pierced by windows it is said that strange men dwell in white habits, with downcast faces and a measured walk. Wonderful things are whispered of them on Saturday nights round the fire; it is reported that they talk with angels, that they have found the key to the kingdom of Heaven, which, if what one said long ago is true, is to be found in your heart and mine, if we knew but the secret of its

unlocking. There at least they are said to dwell ; it is at least from that direction that they come walking sometimes, and up that street that they return. But none that I know have been with them ; the air is too keen up those thousand steps, the sounds of warring clouds too awful, the faces that look from the windows on either side too white for you or me.

But this at least is certain—the Lord of the city dwells in that castle beneath ; for he comes down here sometimes, riding on a white mule, himself in white and red, waving signs and smiling on the crowds that kneel on this side and that. I do not know if what they say of him is true—that he is more than just an old man with a kindly face and a white cap ; that he has treasures of which the world does not dream, that at his nod angels fall to praying, and when he speaks there is commotion in the clouds. It may be false ; there may be no angels, or clouds, or treasures ; but what must it be to lean always from this window and believe every word of it as he comes riding past to the jingle of bells and the waving of fans and the crying of the crowd !

Here is a city of bells ; the sun is near its setting, and from the huge tower of the Lord's castle sound three strokes and cease ; and in a moment all the world stands still. Across these broad planes of golden light above the roofs and the twisted chimneys come sounding a myriad answers ; from chapel and church and nunnery and guildhall. But these fantastic folk beneath us, suddenly petrified, stand silent with moving lips. The Lord himself up there has risen from his supper-table and laid down his fork ; the mule-driver ceases to curse and rests his hand on his beast's shoulder ; the old man has set down his beans ; the mother pauses in her rocking of the cradle, and looks at the crying child as if she did not hear him.

Is it then a fire-alarm, or the warning of a troop coming up from the sea, or the signal for a massacre ? I can tell you that it is none of these ; but what it is I scarcely understand ; nor scarcely believe what has been told me. You must ask another. It concerns a maiden and a child and an angel—no more than that. . . .

Now is not this wild stuff ? For I am back again in my room alone ; and the dottle of George's pipe has hardly ceased to smoke in the fender ; and the candles are not burned down half an inch since he left me. But I have no question as to

where I would sooner dwell—whether in George's boulevards, or in Mosque Al Aksar, or in the City of dreams, where some of my friends insist that life can be supported.

I am not concerned at this moment as to whether this or that is true, for I have no means of telling; perhaps some day I may see more clearly. This only I know; that it is better to hope than to despair, it is better to be doubtful than positive, it is better to open doors than shut them; it is better to affirm than to deny, to believe the best rather than the worst. And lastly this, that if to live means to be like my second cousin,—it is far, far better to die than to live. . . .

Edited by

R. H. BENSON.

*The Chester Plays.*¹

AN APPRECIATION.

SEVERAL volumes of the old mediæval plays have been published from time to time by the Early English Text Society, notwithstanding which it is doubtful if, except among a few antiquarians and archæologists, they are known even in England, and far less in America and Greater Britain.

It is in the hope of bringing them before a larger public, and by way of suggestion that something of the kind might be produced in this country in cities and provincial towns at the great festivals, that we propose to describe these Chester Plays. The stage and drama when rightly directed have ever been one of the most effective means of education; why not, then, revive some of these beautiful old sacred dramas in a modernized form, illustrated by *tableaux vivants*, and utilize them to impress some of the sacred truths of our holy religion on the masses who perhaps never enter a church? Or perhaps in country towns the old processional pageants might be revived.

If in mediæval times, when scenic effects and spectacular drama were unknown, or only known in a most crude form, the plays were so popular and so excellent a means of inculcating Catholic teaching, surely now, aided by lime-light and other modern stage accessories, it would be much easier to represent Biblical scenes, whether historical or allegorical; and as it is to be feared that sooner or later religious teaching will be banished from our schools, these sacred plays and *tableaux* might to some extent supply its place.

The first Chester Plays, we are told by their editor, were written by a Benedictine monk of Chester Abbey, one Dom Randle, or Randal Heggenet, who went three times to Rome

¹ *The Chester Plays*. Edited from the MSS. by the late Dr. Hermann Deimling. Early English Text Society. Extra Series, lxii. 1892.

before he could get leave to have them performed in England; finally, in 1447, Nicholas V., then Pope, granted permission. In 1528 Pope Clement VII. granted an Indulgence of forty days to any one assisting at these plays, and anathematized any one guilty of disturbing them; this Indulgence was obtained by another monk of Chester, named Henry Francis.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century these plays were revived in Chester at Whitsuntide in 1600—1604, and before the commencement of the plays themselves some verses were read descriptive of their origin, and of the past and present methods of representing them. There were thirty-two of these verses, mostly seven lines in each stanza, in the course of which the "reverend lords and ladies all" are apprised that this monk,

monk-like, in Scripture well versed, had set forth in pageants scenes of the Old and New Testaments, intermingling to make sport some things not warranted by any writ.

This last phrase appears to be an early seventeenth century definition of tradition, though we are bound to confess that, as will appear later, some of the traditions introduced are exceedingly quaint.

The writer of these opening verses highly commends Dom Heggenet, and says "he deserves fame as all monks worthy of the name do," and superfluously adds "that these stories were never read in England, yet this monk was not afraid of hanging, burning, or cutting off of his head, but set it all out for all to see."

This, of course, is a Protestant libel; there was no danger in the time Dom Heggenet lived of persecution or prosecution for writing religious plays based on Scripture and tradition. Very amusing, too, is the superior tone the critic takes in speaking of the "ignorance" of the fifteenth century, compared with the so-called "new learning" of his time. He begs his readers not to compare the matter or story with the age in which they now live, but with "the time of ignorance wherein we did stray," and announces that the plays will begin on Whit Monday, and last three days.

In 1447 Sir John Arnway, who was then Mayor of Chester, had the plays acted in the following way; there were twenty-four pageants, severally played by twenty-four different crafts, arts, or occupations, and for each pageant a carriage had to be

provided. In 1660 it was proposed to divide the pageants into three parts. The tanners, as of old, were to represent the Fall of Lucifer; the drapers, the Creation, Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel; the water-drawers are to prepare an Ark and play the story of Noah and his children; the barbers and wax-chandlers are to represent Abraham's sacrifice and Melchisedec's offering, which is commented on as follows:

In decent sort set out, the story is fine,
The offering of Melchisedec of bread and wine,
The presentation thereof set in your play,
Suffer you not in any point the story to decay.

The cappers, or as we should say, the hatters, and the linen-drapers are to set out lively the story of Balaam and the ass and Balak.

The wrights and slaters are to represent the Birth of our Lord, with the angels appearing to the shepherds; the painters and glaziers are to sing merrily the *Gloria in excelsis*.

The merchants and vintners shall represent the Three Kings at the Epiphany, and are warned as follows:

Remember ye mercers, though costly and fine,
Ye trim up your carriage as the custom ere was,
Yet in a stable was born that mighty King divine,
Poorly in a stable twixt an ox and an ass.

The goldsmiths and masons are to exhibit Herod's rage and the Massacre of the Innocents; the smiths, Christ disputing in the Temple, and they are to get minstrels with pipe, tabour, and flute; the butchers are to act the Temptation, and "to set out the devil in his feathers all ragged and rent;" to the glovers is given the death and resurrection of Lazarus. The corvisors, or shoemakers, are to show Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and to do so are to have a Jerusalem carriage, which we take to mean that the car on which this pageant is represented is to be so called.

To the bakers is given, more appropriately than some of the other distributions of parts, the representation of the Last Supper, and the bakers are told to see that they utter the same words as our Lord used on that occasion.

The whole of the Passion is to be acted by the fletchers or makers of bows and arrows, the coopers, stringers, bowyers or archers, and ironmongers; the cooks are to represent the harrowing of Hell, because we believe our Lord went there; the skimmers, the Resurrection; the saddlers, the appearances of

our Lord after His rising from the dead ; the tellers, the Ascension ; the fishmongers must undertake the Pageant of the Holy Ghost ; the dyers are to bring out Antichrist and Enoch and Eli ; the shermen are to show how Antichrist shall arise, as foretold by the prophets, and the weavers the Second Coming to judge the world.

All these instructions are given in the opening stanzas called the "Banes," or notices ; the word "bane," or as we say "ban," appears at first to have meant any public proclamation or notice, which meaning we still retain in the phrase, "bans of marriage."

In the plays themselves there is a great deal of variety ; some show pathos, as the play of Abraham and Isaac ; some humour, as in the Deluge ; those on the Passion are more devotional ; some are poetical, as the Fall of Lucifer ; as we should expect, those which treat of New Testament scenes are more sacred in character ; one or two, as, for example, the Nativity, could never be altered to suit a twentieth century audience, but would require to be re-written ; its naïve simplicity and outspoken realism strike modern readers as both coarse and irreverent.

Metre does not appear to have been Dom Heggnet's strong point, his characters say what they have to say without much regard to the proper number of feet in their lines ; his verse is rough and unpolished ; he frequently employs alliteration, and his rhymes, often faulty, occur for the most part in alternate lines.

In the following quotations the spelling has been modernized, and where necessary to make them intelligible to modern readers, the words also.

The good monk had not a high opinion of women, as will appear from some of the extracts we shall make from the Deluge, where Noah's wife is represented as a very cantankerous and wilful woman, the author's object probably being to amuse his audience in this particular play.

It opens by God telling Noah to prepare an Ark for himself and his family in the coming Deluge. His sons and their wives then come forward to proffer their help in building it, and even his wife at this stage not disapproving, offers to bring timber, saying :

For we may nothing else do,
Women are weak to undergo
Any great travail.

In which remarks she probably expresses Dom Heggenet's sentiments on her sex rather than her own. Then the Ark is finished, but when Noah tells her they will go into the castle, as he calls it, to live, she begins to rebel, and tells him she would rather he slept, and declares unless she sees more need than at present, she won't go into the Ark if he stands there all the day staring.

Noah then replies from his own, or Dom Heggenet's experience :

Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And never are meek, that dare I say,
This is well seen by me to-day,
In witness of you each one.

The good monk is frequently guilty of anachronisms, which strike us as very remarkable, for he makes Noah and his wife swear by Christ and St. John ; and what his authority is for representing the great patriarch as a hen-pecked husband, we do not presume to say, but as such he poses, and appears to be rather proud of it.

For all they ween thou art master,
And so thou art, by St. John :

he says to his spouse. God then tells Noah, as in the Biblical account, to take two of every kind of living creature, of fowls and cattle and creeping things, and put them into the Ark, and warns him that it shall rain for forty days and forty nights. Noah thereupon tells his three sons to bring in all the animals ; and now Shem, Ham, and Japhet with their wives each come forward, and make a little speech of four lines apiece, in which they enumerate the animals they are bringing into the Ark. This is followed by a lively dispute between Noah and his wife, whom he bids to come into the Ark, and she scornfully refuses to come.

Noah. Wife, come in, why stand'st thou here ?
Thou art ever forward, that dare I swear,
Come in on God's [be]half ; time it were,
For fear lest we shall drown.
Wife. Yea, sir ! set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail,
For without any fail ; I will not out of town.

There is something delightfully original in the old monk's fancy, that in those remote ages Noah's wife should prefer the charms of a city life, and elect to remain "in town," rather than

accompany her husband when threatened with the Deluge; and the reason he assigns for her preference is ingenious and shows a knowledge of human nature. The wife goes on to say, that unless her neighbours and gossips can be taken into the Ark with her, she will not go one step further, by St. John; they loved her and they shall not be drowned, by Christ. Noah may go where he likes and get a new wife. We can well fancy the laughter this speech would produce among the audience, for it is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin.

Noah then appeals to Shem, and tells him his mother is angry and why; Shem says he will fetch her in, and goes to her and endeavours to persuade her, but she sends him back to Noah saying she won't enter the Ark that day.

Then Ham comes forward, and asks if they shall fetch her in, and Noah, who is represented as very much frightened lest the Deluge should come upon them, says, "Yes;" thereupon the good gossips come round the Ark and beg to be taken in also. Japhet next attempts to bring his mother to reason, saying:

Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For His love that you bought.

Here we must either think Japhet to be speaking prophetically, or credit our author with another anachronism. Noah's wife, still rebellious, answers:

That will I not, for all your call,
Except I have my gossips all.

Shem now loses all patience with his mother's folly, and determines to force her into obedience.

In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether you will or not.

His firmness has the desired effect; she goes into the Ark, but very unwillingly, and not in the best of tempers, for when Noah kindly, perhaps, but most unwisely says,

Welcome, wife, into the boat,
she replies:

Take that for thy mote,¹

and gives him a slap in the face. Poor Noah meekly remonstrates with the virago:

Ah! Mary, this is hot,
It is good to be still.

¹ Castle, or ark.

The Ark then moves on, and forty days are supposed to elapse ; and then Noah sends out first a raven, and then a dove, but refuses to leave the Ark till God gives him leave.

The play closes by this permission being given in the following terms :

My blessing now I give thee here,
To thee Noe, my servant dear,
For vengeance more shall not appear,
And now farewell my darling dear.

In the above summary and extracts we have been chiefly concerned to give an example of the old monk's idea of humour, we might almost say of comedy. In the play of *Abraham and Isaac*, which from a dramatic and poetical point of view is the finest of the Old Testament series of the Chester Plays, we shall endeavour to show his dramatic power and his pathos, for which he had a genius.

This play opens with the meeting of Abraham and Lot with Melchisedec after Abraham returned from slaying the four kings ; he and Lot, who is made the brother instead of the nephew of the great patriarch, give tithes to Melchisedec for the victory, that is, a tenth of the prey they have taken.

Armiger, who accompanies Melchisedec, offers him a cup of wine, and Melchisedec presents Abraham with bread on a paten and wine in a chalice. We notice that great pains are taken by our author to bring out the mystical meaning of this offering of bread and wine by the high priest, Melchisedec, that mysterious character, whom St. Paul described as "without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life ;" and to teach his audience its connection with the Blessed Sacrament.

Part of Abraham's offering consists of a tithe of the horses and harness he had taken in battle, and Melchisedec, who was King of Salem as well as a priest of the Most High God, in accepting them comments upon their fitness for his high office.

Melchisedec. Therefore horse, harness, and jewelry,
As falls for my dignity,
The tithe of it, I take of thee,
And receive thy offering.

Lot then comes forward and offers a cup of wine and bread ; and an expositor on horseback advances and explains to the people that this offering signifies the New Testament.

Expositor.

In olden times,
Of beasts was all their offering,
And eke their sacrament :
But Melchisedec's presents signify
What Christ ordained on Holy Thursday,
In bread and wine to honour Him aye.

God now tells Abraham that his good deed has pleased Him ; and Abraham says that he has no heir, and God promises him a son, and tells him that kings shall be descended from him, and orders the rite of circumcision. The expositor explains to the people that this was done away with when Christ died, and Baptism took its place.

This concludes the first part of the play, to which it is a sort of interlude, and the next part opens by God ordering Abraham to slay Isaac ; Abraham consents, and tells Isaac to prepare for the journey in these words :

Make thee ready, my darling,
For we must do a little thing ;
This wood upon thy back thou bring,
We must not long abide.

Isaac replies that he is ready to do as his father tells him and Abraham continues :

Oh, Isaac, Isaac, my darling dear,
My blessing now I give thee here,
Take up this faggot with good cheer,
And on thy back it bring.

Isaac consents, and they start on their journey to the mountain, but Isaac's gentleness touches his father's heart, and he breaks out in a passionate lamentation.

Oh ! my heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pity,
As Thou wilt Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayne (obedient),
Lay down thy faggot, my son dear.

Isaac notices his father's depression, and asks him why he is so sad, and where the beast is that they are to kill. Abraham answers that he sees no victim and draws his sword, which frightens the boy, and he tells his father that he hopes he will not slay his child.

Dread thou not my dearest child,
Our Lord will send of His Godhead,
Some manner of beast into thy stead,
Either tame or wild.

Isaac. Father, tell me ere I go,
Whether I shall have harm or woe.

Abraham. Ah dear God, that me is woe,
Thou burst my heart insunder.

Here we may observe the poverty of our mediæval poet's rhymes in repeating the word "woe" in two successive lines.

Isaac, still fearing his father's intentions, knowing he has come to make an altar and offer a living sacrifice, and seeing no victim but himself, asks why Abraham carries a naked sword.

Abraham. Isaac son, peace I pray thee,
Thou break'st my heart even in three;

Isaac. I pray you, father, hide nought from me
But tell me what you think.

Abraham. Oh! Isaac! Isaac! I must thee kill!

Isaac. Alas! my father is that your will,
Your own child's blood here to spill
Upon the hill's brink?
If I have trespassed in any degree
With a yard you may beat me.
Put up your sword if 't your will be
For I am but a child.

Isaac's child-like submission, though it tears Abraham's heart in twain, does not make him flinch from his purpose; he replies that he is sorry, but he must do God's will and obey His commands; and Isaac then so naturally wishes his mother were present to intercede for him.

Isaac. Would God my mother were here with me,
She would kneel upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it might be
For to save my life.

Abraham. Oh! comely creature except I thee kill,
I grieve my God and that full ill.

Abraham's fatherly pride in his son's beauty is admirably depicted in the quaint phrase "comely creature." Isaac now begins to understand that it is God's will that he should be slain, and in a touching speech, which he begins by invoking Mary, as he might have done in Dom Heggenet's day, but certainly did not in his own time, he consents because it is God's will, and with sublime unselfishness and heroic filial piety, says his father has sons at home to console him, alluding to Ishmael; and begs him not to tell his mother Sara; he then kneels and begs Abraham to give him his blessing.

Abraham. My blessing dear son give I thee,
And thy mother's with heart so free
The blessing of the Trinity
My dear son, on thee light.

In this speech we have, of course, another anachronism, as there is nothing in the Bible to warrant us to suppose Abraham blessed Isaac in the name of the Holy Trinity, or that he understood that doctrine fully, though the Blessed Trinity was foreshadowed by the appearance of the three angels to him, as he sat at the door of his tent in the vale of Mambre, in the heat of the day, before Isaac was promised to him.

Isaac next begs his father to hide his eyes, that he may not see his sword, which has frightened him from its first appearance.

Isaac. Of one thing, I would you pray,
Since I must die the death this day,
As few strokes as you may,
When you smite off my head.

From this time it is Isaac who is brave and anxious that the dread deed should be done quickly, and Abraham is represented as wavering and hesitating; and the pathos of the following speeches is very touching, and deepens as the climax approaches. Abraham protests that the boy's meekness makes him afraid, and Isaac gets sweetly impatient.

Isaac. Oh father dear, do away
Your making so mickle moan.
Now truly, father, this talking,
Doth but make long tarrying,
I pray you come and make ending
And let me hence be gone.

Abraham. Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound hand and feet.

Isaac then sends messages to his mother and his brethren at home, Heggenet evidently thinking Abraham had other sons besides Ishmael and Isaac, during Sara's lifetime. Isaac concludes by begging Abraham's pardon for his trespasses against him.

Abraham says Isaac had only once grieved him, and we long in vain to know when and how. He forgives his son and protests,

I had as lief to die as thou,
My darling dear.

The agony is prolonged while Isaac begs for a handkerchief to be bound round his head, and his father to turn down his face, and then prays to God to have mercy on his soul, and asks Abraham to take his clothes away, and smite off his head and rid him of his woe.

In the next speech Abraham, at this critical moment when the climax is reached, is made to cry to our Lord in His Sacred Name.

Abraham. Ah! son, my heart will break in three
To hear thee speak such words to me.
Jesus, on me have Thou pity.

Isaac offers his soul to God, and as Abraham raises his sword the angel appears and seizes the point, and tells Abraham to do no harm to Isaac, for God has sent a lamb "good and gay" as Abraham may see.

Abraham. A hornèd wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To Thee offered it shall be.

The play concludes by the expositor, who acts as a sort of Greek chorus, coming forward and explaining that Isaac was a type of our Lord, and Abraham of God the Father.

We hope enough has here been quoted of this old Chester play to show what an excellent object-lesson it must have been, and how indelibly it must have impressed on the minds of the spectators the beautiful story of Abraham and Isaac, and prepared them for the more terrible Sacrifice of the Cross, represented in the Passion-Play a few days later. The idea of the expositor was an excellent one for bringing home to the people the inner meaning of the plays which he expounded while the dramatic picture was still before them.

It is to be regretted that Dom Heggenet's version of a Nativity-Play is so unfit for a modern audience, but though many of our twentieth century plays would by their suggestiveness have horrified mediæval play-goers, the blunt, outspoken exhibition of St. Joseph's trouble when "he was minded to put away" his betrothed wife, on which the play enlarges and dwells, was to those simple fourteenth century people quite natural and edifying, yet in these more civilized but less religious days, it would be impossible to produce it. For a modern Nativity-Play we should have to go to another

source than the Chester Plays ; the world is grown up now ; it was young and outspoken when Dom Heggenet wrote ; more childlike than we are in these days, when it is often too truly said there are no children. The old monk, however, wrote an excellent play on the Magi and King Herod, in which he exhibits a great deal of dramatic power, and gives a first-rate character sketch of the cruel king.

The play opens by the Three Kings who have been led by the star being ushered into the presence of King Herod, who endeavours to impress them with his power and greatness :

I am king of all mankind,
I bid, I beat, I loose, I bind,
I master the moon, take this in mind,
That I am most of might.
I am the greatest above degree,
That is or was or ever shall be,
The sun it dare not shine on me,
If I bid him go down.

The Three Kings, not overwhelmed with this assumption, tell him that they have heard of the new-born King of the Jews, and are on their way to see Him, and take Him the presents they have brought, and that a star has been guiding them on their journey. Herod is very angry at this, for his proud nature will brook no rival.

For all men may know and see,
Both He and you and all three,
That I am King of Galilee,
Whatsoever He saith or doth.

The Kings maintain that this new King has certainly been born, the first King asserts that they have seen His star in the East ; the second says it vanished when they got to Jerusalem ; and the third says that he knows by the prophecies, that a Child shall be born to rule Judæa.

Herod. That is false. Other kings shall none be here.

He then tells the learned men in his court to look up the prophecies, saying, as he points to the Magi :

These Kings be come from far away,
To seek a Child I heard them say,
That should be found in this country,
My kingdom to destroy.

The doctors and the King now hold a long debate, the learned rabbis bringing forward all the prophecies, and Herod objecting to them all, by which means a good deal of instruction is given to the audience.

Herod then dismisses the Three Kings to go and see if it is really true that this Child has been born, and they promise to come back and tell him, whether they find Him or not, but as soon as they are gone he swears he will kill them all three when they return.

They set off with their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and arrive at the stable, where they behold Mary, Joseph, and the Holy Infant, and they make their offerings with appropriate speeches.

The Crib at Christmas in Catholic churches is a representation in miniature of what, in a car with a pageant of the Nativity, would in the middle ages have been enacted by living characters. The popularity of that beautiful devotion and its immense teaching power, suggest that the revival of these mediæval shows and plays might be utilized as an educational force with great effect.

Some of the old plays could, without much difficulty, be rearranged judiciously, so as to suit a modern audience without destroying all their original charm.

DARLEY DALE.

Tolerance and Intolerance.

ONE of the most marked features of the last fifty years of English history is an increase in the spirit of toleration. "Live and let live" is a maxim much more in vogue now than in the early days of our grandfathers. We Catholics have had good reason to note the change, and though we may smile now and then at the "Comprehensiveness of the Anglican Church," to borrow the *Spectator's* phrase, our prevailing feeling is one of gratitude. So far, indeed, have the positions changed that we, whose very existence needed at one time continual apology, are not unfrequently ourselves accused of want of toleration in regard to others. And an accusation of narrow-minded exclusiveness is one of the most damning in days such as ours.

"The Churches," says a modern writer, "have murdered Christ." And the same thought is echoed by Mr. Swinburne in his poem, "The Altar of Righteousness."¹ Christ, according to these thinkers, stands for liberal opinions and breadth of view, the Church for intolerance and narrowness and all that is opposed to the spirit of freedom. Christ proclaimed salvation for all, she restricts it to a few. To Him God was to be worshipped neither on Sion nor in Garizim, to her He can be worshipped only at Rome. On her own showing she is the only ark of salvation, the sole interpreter of God's message to man, and all who differ from her views in matters deemed by her essential are consigned to the exterior darkness, anathematized and reprobate. Small wonder that many prefer the exterior darkness to such light as is to be found within her pale.

Such censure is often meted out to us by not the least well-disposed of our critics. "We have no objection," they will say, "to your believing what you will in regard to yourselves and your own position, but we protest against your narrow-minded contention that you alone are right and the rest of the world wrong." And as for the grounds of the accusation, they are no

¹ *Harper's Monthly*, June, 1904.

uncertain authority. "We have only to examine your books of theology," we shall be told, "to find all this implied on every page. It has been your attitude since Trent. 'Outside the Church—by which you mean the Romish Church—no salvation.' Explain it away or whittle it down as you will, the fact remains and cannot be gainsaid. The language of your writers against pagans, heretics, and unbelievers is almost identical with St. Augustine's, who leaves them all lumped together as a *massa damnata*, from which the merits of Christ have rescued the elect."

This is a grave accusation against a Church whose commission is to teach all nations, and who for good or for evil has impressed herself upon the world as the "Catholic" church. Are our withers unwrung? or is it that we are not quite so perfect as we thought ourselves?

Newman long ago pointed out in a different context that before any accusation can avail as an argument against the Catholic Church, it must be proved that on the whole her influence and her action have been on the side of what is wrong; that the scandals within her pale have been caused by her teaching, her injunctions, her maxims. Most men have the defects of their qualities. And the strong, bracing air of a dogmatic creed, combined with their natural imperfections, is apt to produce in certain minds a parasitic growth of scornful indifference to the opinions of others, even in cases where Christian charity would suggest other attitudes. It is so much easier too to dismiss our neighbour as a fool or a knave than carefully to examine his opinions and in the light of revealed truth to strive to sift grain from husk. Hence we need not be surprised to find individual Catholics who are intolerant. But such a fact is of itself of no weight as an argument against the Catholic Church as a whole. The question is, does the Church teach intolerance, and if it be answered that she does, and that every page of her official documents supports the charge, what then is her explanation?

Here we need to bear in mind two things. First, we must carefully distinguish between what are sometimes called the prophetic and priestly functions of the Church. In her priestly office her outlook is over the whole world, in her prophetic function it is in the main restricted to her own children. Domestic disciplinary regulations are not to be viewed in the same light as public enactments. Many a rule is laid down by a father

for the government of his own household which might seem harsh and tyrannical if adopted as public legislation for all families. A knowledge of the circumstances is obviously necessary before we can decide on the merits of the case. Few of us, for instance, would feel justified in an inference as to a friend's tolerance or intolerance merely on the ground that he forbade his son certain company. Nor should we feel that such a prohibition necessarily implied any judgment on the moral character of the persons in question. All that the father's action implies is that under these circumstances it is not advisable that his son should cultivate these or those acquaintances. Similarly, when Catholics are forbidden to read certain books, the prohibition does not necessarily imply any reflection on the morals or good faith of the author, unless indeed he professes to be in visible communion with the Church and so falls under her authority. His book may be a perfectly sincere exposition of what to him seem the only possible views on a point touching faith or morals. The Church, with revelation and the wisdom of centuries at her back, judges otherwise, and *a priori* at least her case is the stronger.

Secondly, ecclesiastical, as much as any other historical documents, require to be approached in a historical spirit. We can hardly expect the terminology of the Fathers to make no more demands upon our knowledge than that of a writer in a modern monthly. A "pagan," for instance, was one thing at Carthage in the fourth century; he was another in the middle ages; and he is an entirely different being to-day. Obviously, again, the "heretic" of the fifteenth century is not the "heretic" of the twentieth, any more than the journey from London to Rome is now what it was in the days of Henry VIII. In the fifteenth century, before the Reformation was well afoot, the heretic was generally an apostate, possibly an apostate priest or friar, as historical instances prove. Later on he finds his counterpart in types such as Topcliffe the informer, or Titus Oates. Men such as these expected no quarter, nor were they offered it except under condition of submission. And it is precisely against men of this stamp that the strongest denunciations against "heretics" are levelled.

But in our own day the change is vast. Great numbers of those who technically perhaps fall under the category of "heretics" are baptized Christians, who, through no fault of theirs, have never been brought to consider the position of

the Catholic Church, or have been educated on principles directly opposed to her. For generations their families have been non-Catholics. They have never had a vestige of Catholic teaching, except such as may have survived in their own religious creed, and are as innocent of *αἵρεσις*, of contumacious picking and choosing in religious dogma to the neglect of plain obligation to believe, as they are of Totemism. What is to be said of these?

First let us note the relative positions of the Church and the non-Catholics in question.

She claims, and has always claimed, to be Apostolic, tracing her descent back to Peter, and through him to her founder, Christ, from whom she received her commission to teach. This is the position in which, as she holds, He placed her. To her, withdrawal from it means the violation of the most sacred obligations. Of this her history is proof. Neither force nor persuasion have availed to dislodge her from it. Through good report, and evil report, to one belief she has persistently clung, that she, and she alone, is the official representative of God and of His Son to the world. To retire now from this position would be to falsify the whole of her past, and virtually to cease to exist at all. Yet this sameness is the identity of the man with the child, it is no state of petrification. She has grown in understanding of the truths committed to her as she has enlarged her physical boundaries. A constant process of adaptation to changing environment is at work within her. At one time actually the head of all Christendom, she has now come to be environed by neighbours, friend and foe.

And this brings us to the position of the non-Catholic believer. Brought up in an atmosphere of private judgment in religious matters, he finds himself confronted with an institution which claims to be the society founded by Christ, and which by implication excludes all others. What more natural for him than to denounce such a claim as preposterous, arrogant, and absurd? The individualism of the Reformation has been his birthright; he is unfamiliar with the idea of a "Church" in the technical meaning of the term, and the claims of the "Church of Rome" strike him as being little else than sectarianism and nationalism gone mad. Such an attitude may be perfectly sincere and is consistent with no small amount of natural and even of supernatural excellence.

If sincere, it is a logically correct view. The inference is

just, the conclusion rightly drawn; it is the premisses that are false. The view of the Church which they imply is a hopelessly distorted presentment of her as she knows herself to be. And the refracting medium is early surroundings, ignorance, and inherited prejudice, none of which are under the circumstances imputable. But does the Church anathematize and condemn such a man? By no means. His opinions she rejects, and were any Catholic deliberately and in defiance of better knowledge to adopt them, she certainly would anathematize and condemn him. Not so with him. She forms no judgment—his faith and devotion are known to God, and that is enough.

Negatively, then, her attitude is one of non-condemnation. Has she any positive view of the matter?

This is a question of wide scope, and the answer to it takes us down to the very roots of the Church's constitution.

Examination of the dogmas of revelation frequently reveals their hidden connection with the truths of reason. Aristotle's dictum as to the "political" nature of man has been a commonplace with social scientists since his day. Human nature is a synthesis of opposites, strangely individualistic and still more strongly social. These two instincts are in continual conflict, but revelation assures us that the social is destined ultimately to prevail, and that man's final beatitude is to be a social happiness. Christ founded His Church for human nature. Hence He constituted her a visible *ecclesia* or assembly in which men might help and be helped in the things that belong to their peace. But this account is far from exhaustive. Did the matter end there, Christ would be no more than a kind of eponymous hero to a polity called after His name. In virtue of the Incarnation He wedded human nature to the Divine, and by grace made it a body of which He is the Head, so that the soul in grace can say with literal truth, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Thus the Church is an organic unity owning Christ as her Head. And as an organism she may be described as possessed of body and soul, as made up, that is, of members, some of whom are in visible, others in invisible, but yet real, communion with her. The saints in Heaven, the souls in Purgatory, are not visible members of the Church; they are real members notwithstanding. So on earth there are undoubtedly many baptized Christians, who, while they entertain

no intention of joining the "Church of Rome," as they know her, have nevertheless a belief in God and are honestly desirous of fulfilling His will in their regard. Such belong to the invisible soul of the Church, and in so far as they are faithful to the light that is in them, their feet are in the direct way. Visible external communion is a higher grace, which may or may not be granted in reward to fidelity. At the same time it is a grace, which, when offered to an individual, may not be rejected by him without sin. Nor is this to be viewed as a mere afterthought on the part of the Catholic Church, as though she had been driven from a position found to be untenable. To make it such is to deny all possibility of the development of doctrine, and to refuse her any fuller understanding of the faith committed to the saints. To say that it was not her attitude in the middle ages, is but to say that circumstances were not then what they are now, when she is no longer the actual head of all Christendom. The Renaissance was, after all, primarily responsible for exaggerated individualism in religion, as in all else. But to disentangle the hopelessly interwoven strands of the Renaissance and Reformation movements is not our concern at present. The painful suddenness, as it may seem to some, of the Catholic change of front in the matter, is due to the fact that all efforts were, for the time being, concentrated on the Reformation itself. In many places, as in England, the Church had to contend for very existence, to the temporary neglect of other problems and the stunting of development in other fields of doctrine.

Still "without faith it is impossible to please God;" and faith of some sort, joined with the works of faith, is necessary for this membership of the soul of the Church. It is in this sense that we speak of God's mercy to all those *quos tuos fide et opere futuros esse prænoscis*;¹ and in this sense, too, may the words of the Canon be applied where we beg God to be mindful—*omnium circumstantium quorum tibi fides cognita est et nota devotio*.

To sum up, the thoughts of the Catholic Church towards well-intentioned believers not in external communion with her, are thoughts of peace and not of affliction. She judges no one, she condemns no one. She further believes that, if their hearts are set on the right, they are in spite of themselves in real, though invisible communion with her. Nor will this assumption

¹ Collect, Litany of All Saints.

sound arrogant or absurd to any save those who misconceive her position. For, note the alternatives open to her. She may say, "Yes, I see now that I am wrong. The position I have so long maintained is no longer tenable. I am no better than the sects around me. My history up to the present has been a series of mistakes. I must now allow others their own views of Christ's message in complete independence of myself." This is virtual suicide, and martyrdom is little better than well-meaning fanaticism. And if she has been so completely mistaken in a point thus essential, why not in others? Why not in the belief in the Divinity of Christ, for which she has been mainly responsible? Why not in a future life, in her ideals of purity, charity, and justice? For no man talks bravely against the Church to-day, once more to quote Newman, but owes it to the Church that he can talk at all.

Or she may turn wistful eyes after those who have thrown off her allegiance, and, as a true mother, find all manner of excuses to explain their mistakes. And as in succeeding generations they drift further and further away from her with less and less of imputable fault, her plea will be that they know not what they do. Such is the alternative she actually has adopted. If this be intolerance, then there is no such thing as genuine error in the world, and if no error, no truth.

And what, finally, of the vast multitudes, lettered and unlettered, who know not even if there be a Christ? There are those who have deliberately set aside the claims of Christianity, and there are those who have been brought up from their earliest years in an atmosphere of practical paganism. The modern world is not without its resemblances to that familiar to Tacitus and Juvenal, and the "lives of pleasure, honour, and wealth" is as fair a division of human activities now as in the days when Aristotle wrote his *Ethics*. Many a Catholic reader must have been struck by Pliny's account of the result of his inquiries into Christianity¹ as not without parallel in his own day.

As to these last we can only say *Ipsi viderint*. As to the former, those with whom we find it difficult to associate any idea of the supernatural, the Church is silent. She forms no judgment; she defines nothing. These things are God's secrets. But at least

¹ "Nihil aliud inveni quam superstitionem pravam et immodicam." (*Ep. ad Traj.* xcvi.)

we can say that we know enough of God to realize that He is not "an austere man," and that "the abundance of His loving kindness far exceeds the merits of His servants and their prayers."¹ And we are certain that they will not be losers by being left in His hands.

And, therefore, when the doom is given and we be all brought up above, then shall we clearly see in God the privities which now be hid to us. And then shall none of us be stirred to say in anything, "Lord, if it had been thus, it had been well." But we shall all say with one voice: "Lord, blessed mayest Thou be for that it is thus; thus it is well. And now we see verily that all things be done as it was Thine ordinance, or ever anything was made."²

BASIL GREGORY.

¹ Collect, Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

² *Revelations of Mother Juliana of Norwich*, pp. 308, 309.

Mr. Mallock on the Reconstruction of Belief.

I.

MR. MALLOCK has been prolific during these last few years. In 1903 he published his *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, in 1904 his *Veil of the Temple*, and in the last quarter of 1905 his *Reconstruction of Belief*.¹ These three volumes are occupied with the same subject-matter and travel over much the same ground. *The Veil of the Temple*, indeed, stood in some sense apart, being an endeavour to set forth the same thoughts in a more popular form, and he claims for the *Reconstruction of Belief* that, though like *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*, it has both its destructive and its constructive side, in that work the former of these two sides occupied most of the space, whilst in the *Reconstruction of Belief* it is the other way. Whether his readers will consider that this excess of space now given to the task of construction has the effect of presenting his constructive theory more clearly or more cogently is another matter, though it must be acknowledged that the theory in its latest dress marks an advance in the author's thought, an advance on the quality of which we shall have some comments to make presently. Meanwhile, the appearance of this new work affords an opportunity which we propose to use for studying in its entirety an apology for belief which is offered to us by its propounder as a triumphant delivery from our religious perplexities.

It is those who cling to religious belief, not those who reject it, who, according to Mr. Mallock, hold the sounder position, the Theists, not the Agnostics or Atheists. But the advocates of belief are unfortunate in the methods by which they strive to defend their position. Either they spend themselves on vain efforts to retain outposts which science has irrevocably made its own, or else they let loose on these outposts a flood of subjectivism, which is intended to submerge

¹ *The Reconstruction of Belief*. By W. H. Mallock. London: Chapman and Hall.

them altogether, but which science knows how to compel into channels serviceable for its own purposes. The former method is that of the clergy generally, the latter that of the Idealist philosophers. Meanwhile Mr. Mallock offers his services to the defenders, and promises to show them how, if they will be sensible enough to surrender the outposts and draw off the floods, they may secure their position for ever by the simple policy of adopting the methods of their adversaries and insisting that these be consistently applied. Such is the general idea of the book before us; but let us leave figures aside and examine the theory in detail.

Under the terms "religion" and "belief," in the present connection, Mr. Mallock does not mean to include the Creed of Christianity either in its Catholic or any of its non-Catholic forms, but only the three fundamental doctrines of God, of Free Will, and of Human Immortality.

Of Christianity [he says] as a religion of miracle I propose to say nothing—here. We will content ourselves with considering the three doctrines which are at the root of it, namely, that the universe is over-ruled by some supreme intelligence, who has for his special object the highest good of man; that each man is a self-directing personality, answerable as such to the supreme intelligence for his conduct; and that this life here derives an infinite importance from the fact that it will be prolonged and completed for better or worse hereafter.

It is manifest that, apart from the truth of these three doctrines, no religion worthy of the name is possible; and yet, says Mr. Mallock, these three essential doctrines, in which so many generations of men have believed implicitly, are completely discredited by modern science. The belief in God rested on the supposition that there were gaps in the sequence of Cosmic causality; a gap when the elements of this world were drawn out of nothing by a direct creative act; a gap when the organic world supervened on the inorganic; a gap when sentient supervened on non-sentient life; and a big chasm when human intelligence came to put the crown to the completed work. As at each of these points the processes previously working were impotent to bridge the gap, it was necessary to postulate the interference of some external Power to supply the deficiency, and that external Power was God. The belief in Free Will rested on the supposition that the soul was a spiritual entity, which was specially created

and infused into the body of man by the assumed external Power; and which not being material, was emancipated from the determinism of material laws, and could thus be the arbiter of its own actions. The Belief in Immortality rested likewise on this conception of the soul as a spiritual entity incapable of corruption.

Now, however, Geology has proved that the earth, so far from owing its commencements to a six days' work of creation, was fashioned into its present form by the action of secular causes slowly working during millions of years. Astronomy can even carry us backwards beyond the time when our earth had begun its separate existence; and can teach us what was the previous history of its constituent elements—how during infinite æons of time they were successively dispersed into nebulæ and re-condensed into suns and planets, without there being any reason to suppose that the long process had at any time whatever a first beginning. Also, Biology has established its theory of Evolution, and convinced all thinking men that one continuous process pervades the organic kingdom; nor only that—for quite recently the discovery of radium has revealed that the atom is not, as was supposed, a mere mass of dead matter, but a highly composite cell full of life and activity, so closely resembling the primordial cells of the organic kingdom that it would be unreasonable to believe any longer in the existence of a gap between them. Moreover, by an independent line of inquiry, Physiology and Psychology have demonstrated that what is called the soul, so far from being a distinct and spiritual entity, is merely a special department of organized matter—matter being now known to have in its every element a psychical as well as a physical side, and the psychical side, in the peculiar conditions of organic combination called the brain, exhibiting itself in the form of consciousness. These being the cosmic facts as now ascertained, not only do the proofs fail on which the three-fold foundation of religion rested, but a conception of the universe has been attained which altogether excludes these fundamental doctrines. If the cosmic process is one and continuous, and as such deterministic, there is no longer room for a soul, or therefore for human immortality, for how can that survive the dissolution of the body which is but an integral part of its organization? There is no longer room for Free Will, for how can Free Will be reconciled with an all-pervading Determinism? And there is no room for God, for

the cosmic process is shown to be self-sufficing—unless, indeed, we are in future to apply the name of God to the Universe itself in its totality.

All this, says Mr. Mallock, is now established by a rigid application of scientific methods which in the past the "clergy" have been wont to contest point by point. It was a foolish thing of them to do, for it has proved to be an utterly vain attempt, and has ended only in covering them with shame. We are not obliged, however, to take ourselves at Mr. Mallock's valuation, and in a second article we shall examine his account of what science has accomplished: and see how far it is true that science itself claims to have reached these drastic conclusions. But in the present article we are prepared to accept Mr. Mallock's suggestion and treat it as now firmly established that all existences are but

modes of a single substance, which, in itself unknown to us, is by our own experience apprehended under the guise of matter—just as the movements of a hand, itself invisible, might be known and studied by us, if it wore an invisible glove.

Or, in other words,

not that everything is matter, but that all individual things, the mind of man included, result from a process of which matter is, for us, the inseparable concomitant, and which develops them, in accordance with a single system of causes, the working of which science studies by means of its material equivalents.

This doctrine is then, for present purposes, our hypothetical starting-point, from which Mr. Mallock is to show us how we may still retain our belief, at least in the three fundamental doctrines of religion.

Science, it is said, claims to be able to explain everything in life by the application of its methods, and that without needing to take account of these three fundamental beliefs. But can it explain the movement of civilization within the limits of this restriction? In a certain sense let us grant, for the sake of argument, that it can, and Mr. Mallock evidently thinks that it can. It can explain the utilitarian side of civilization, that side which appertains to it as the successful caterer, through its knowledge of the experimental sciences and its proficiency in the mechanical arts, for all the lower wants of man's nature, his need of food, of clothing, of comforts and

conveniences, of travel and sport, and so on. But in the higher sense of the word, the course of civilization is the course of mental and moral culture, and it is in this respect that the difference between the civilized man and the savage is mainly estimated. Civilized races have learnt to pursue higher ideals, moral, æsthetic, and intellectual, and in proportion as they realize them more completely, or strive to fashion them more noble, or more delicate, or more penetrating, is their civilization regarded as having attained to a more perfect type. Can science explain, apart from the three fundamental beliefs, this aspect of civilization? Mr. Mallock says, "No;" and we shall agree with him here, in his conclusion, and in some of the steps by which he reaches it. But let us see how he works it out.

In the first place he takes Free Will. Space does not permit of our giving more than a bare outline of his argument, whether here or in the sequel, but a bare outline will suffice for our purposes. One far-reaching department of man's intercourse with his fellows, consists of the judgments he forms of their capacity or conduct.

A usual argument from Free Will is drawn from the way in which man deals with man by rewards and punishments. This, with a curious want of insight into its nature, Mr. Mallock discards, but insisting on the distinction just made, he draws attention to the moral as distinguished from the utilitarian value men attach to the actions of their fellows.

Honesty in an administrator of public funds is sociologically valuable as a guarantee that the funds will be honestly administered; but amongst his friends the man's official integrity is valued mainly as a sign that he is at heart honest. In the one case each person is an official whose value consists in his performances; in the other his performances are valuable because they are expressions of his personality. Personality, in fact, is the primary conception which lies at the root of all super-sociological life, or the kind of life which is susceptible of moral and mental civilization; and the importance of the belief in freedom consists in this, that the belief in freedom is at the root of our entire conception of personality.

This is well put, and he goes on to illustrate the extent to which this valuation of personalities, which apart from belief in freedom would be meaningless, pervades the entire area of civilized intercourse. What, for instance, would become of Literature if it were debarred from its delineations and studies of character? What room would there be left for our Shake-

speares and Dantes, our Homers and Terences? And what would become of our historians if they must set aside as irrelevant all their discussions and pronouncements on the personages who pass across their stage?

Did Gibbon exaggerate the virtues of the Apostate Julian? Did Froude exaggerate the virtues of his hero Henry? Was Bacon's philosophic method original? . . . All such questions . . . would be absolutely meaningless if it were not for the inveterate belief that a man's significance for men resides primarily in what he makes of himself, not on what is made by an organism derived from his parents, and the various external *stimuli* to which it has automatically responded.

It is thus that Mr. Mallock establishes the essential connection between belief in Free Will and the course of the higher civilization. In connecting together the higher civilization and the belief in Theism he is not so successful. He will have nothing to do with St. Augustine's argument that human nature was made for God, and is restless till it rests in Him. He misunderstands its character *more suo*, and then sets it aside with the contemptuous remark that the "Christian apologist's first temptation is to assume that God, if He exists at all, must possess the specific character which the apologist's own Church or sect, whatever that may be, imputes to Him." He wishes to construct his argument on a broader basis, and so defines God as "the personal and responsive object of any aspiration of any kind which transcends this life's possibilities, no matter what its character." It is a vague enough definition, no doubt, but he wishes to disregard for the moment all questions as to the power, or other attributes, of this "responsive object;" and at least the definition sets it, or Him, before us as a Person responding after the manner of a person to the aspirations of humanity. Among these aspirations again we are to pass over at this stage, the class which finds expression in creeds, prayers, adorations, or any rule of life specifically and intentionally religious, and to examine rather "those aspirations or self-orientations of spirit, those tastes, those propensities, and moral and æsthetic discriminations, a marked want of which stamps a man in the eyes of everybody, not as irreligious, but as tasteless, foolish, or degraded." Our aspirations, thus comprehensively classified, resolve themselves, as even Professor Haeckel allows, into an appreciation of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. For though men will always differ among themselves as to what constitutes the True, or the Good, or the

Beautiful, they are unanimous in proclaiming that these three objects represent absolute ideals which all should reverence and pursue, not with the mere view to any personal advantages they may bring with them, but simply and solely for their own sakes. That is to say, in every civilized community there is this sentiment in regard to them, and it is precisely by the growth and deepening of this sentiment that the advance of intellectual, moral, and æsthetic culture is conditioned. Thus we find it to be very highly developed in the age in which we live. Was not the late Professor Tyndall voicing its general feeling when he wrote: "The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who can honestly say that he covets truth for its own sake, even though the pursuit of it leaves him no remnant of the beliefs which he once most valued;" and does not the new culture make it matter of reproach to the Churches that they still set before their adherents such motives as the fear of Hell and the desire for Heaven, instead of encouraging them to regard goodness as its own reward, and evil-doing as its own punishment?

But how are we to find in this threefold passion for Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, the latent belief in such a God as Mr. Mallock has defined for us? Here we must consider Truth and Goodness separately, but may, says Mr. Mallock, pass over Beauty, as the reasoning which applies to Goodness applies to Beauty also. And first as regards Truth. We cannot aspire, he says, after things which do not interest us. What is there, then, in the study of Truth for its own sake—of the Truth, for instance, concerning Nature and Nature's Laws—to account for the high interest men find in it? Mr. Mallock must be allowed to answer in his own words:

Since it is obvious that by studying nature in its totality we shall be able to extract from it no material service whatsoever, it can interest us only because, in proportion as we study it, we believe that we shall catch a whisper of some mental message from a mind whose character is congruous to all that we most value in our own. If it cannot be our physical servant it must be our mental companion; and if it be our mental companion it must be what is meant by a Deity.

Somewhat dissimilar is his reasoning from men's appreciation of Goodness. To speak of anything as good, he says, is to imply that there is some consciousness to which it seems good; and hence, if human consciousness were the only consciousness there is, inasmuch as men are so various and divergent in their

appreciations of what is good, we should have to conclude that one kind of goodness must be just as good as another, there being no common standard by reference to which they were comparable. Yet, as we have seen, all men do agree that there is an absolute standard of goodness, and since to be such it must be goodness apprehended as such by some absolute consciousness, we must conclude that, virtually at least, they agree, or believe, that such an absolute consciousness actually does exist, in other words, that there is existing "some conscious Mind, absolute, all-comprehending, self-existent, eternal—a Mind whose character transcends the character of man's, but with which, by willing the Good, man can put himself in connection." And so from his natural appreciation of the Good (and the Beautiful), just as from his natural appreciation of the True, man is led on irresistibly to a belief, which, however inarticulate in his Mind and Heart it may often be, is in essence a belief in the Theist's God.

On the dependence of civilized progress on the Belief in man's Immortality Mr. Mallock has less to say. He conceives that if once a man has got so far as to believe in Free Will and in God, he is not likely to find much further difficulty in believing in Immortality. Still, he insists slightly on the loss of seriousness which must needs beset our attitude towards life, if there were no expectation that it will be prolonged after death. It is not merely, he urges, that if there were no belief in a hereafter to readjust the balance of lots which are so unequal here, it would be impossible to believe, as for the reasons given man is impelled to believe, in the supremacy of Truth and Goodness; but also that the course of civilization exhibits itself as a straining after a fulness of knowledge and a realization of practical ideals which at this side of the grave is impossible of perfect attainment, whilst it is inconceivable that this incompleteness can be really final.

It is on these grounds that Mr. Mallock draws his first main conclusion, which, be it remembered, is, directly, only that the three beliefs are essential to that progress of civilization which we are all resolved to promote. Still, from this direct conclusion regarding the value of the beliefs he invites us to draw another, and to recognize that in the fact of their having this value, we have at least a presumption that they are beliefs well founded. It is at this point of his argument that we have now arrived. In the sequel of his book his undertaking is to show by an indepen-

dent line of inquiry how the presumption can be converted into proof. Before, however, we follow him in this further inquiry it may be well to insert a few words of comment on the foregoing. We need not take exception to his study of Free Will. It abandons, indeed, some good arguments without necessity, but it handles the subject after a new and convincing method. Nor, save that the treatment is somewhat slight and superficial, need we take exception to what he has said on the Belief in Immortality. On the other hand, it is impossible to attach much value to his plea for the Belief in God. Possibly the inference is valid from man's recognition of absolute Truth and Goodness, to the existence of an Infinite Mind and Will in which the perception and appreciation of these absolutes resides. But in any case it is an inference far too abstract and subtle to make a deep impression on ordinary minds, and it is more than doubtful whether it is an inference actually drawn, even implicitly, by the multitudes who engage in the pursuit of scientific truth for its own sake, or admire goodness for its own sake. Certainly the mere fact, if it is a fact, that men's ideas of absolute Truth and Goodness justify this inference does not prove that they actually draw it; nor unless they draw it is it very intelligible how it can exercise any influence on their love of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. And besides Mr. Mallock has confounded two things so distinct as the objective and generic concepts of Truth and Goodness which the human mind forms by abstraction, and the subjective concepts of absolute and all-comprehensive Truth and Goodness which, if they exist at all, being acts of Mind and Will, presuppose the existence of a Mind and Will competent to form them.

For these reasons we cannot think that Mr. Mallock has truly established a presumption for the validity of the Belief in God, though he may have for the validity of the other two beliefs, and could by less defective methods have established it for this too. We may, however, accept the presumption as established by some means, and listen to the reasoning by which he carries his argument through the next stage.

We have had, it must be remembered, his assurance that the scientific methods of the present day are indisputably sound, and that they have irrevocably established the Materialist's twofold contention—that mind is but the product of matter, and that the course of the Universe has been from end to end one single deterministic process. It is just on this account that the

three fundamental Beliefs have been ruled out of court. How then is Mr. Mallock going to restore them to us? By forcing Materialism to continue the application of its principles until in so doing it comes "to break its shell and expand into something different." We shall then find that Materialism itself requires us to regard the order of the Universe as the effect of Purpose, and hence as the handiwork of an intelligent Creator. Thus will be restored to us our belief in Theism, and through the gates opened to receive it back the other two beliefs will re-enter as its inseparable companions.

It follows from the doctrine of Materialism that "whatever is, is implicit in all that was." This is what Professor Huxley used to delight in asserting, as when he instructed us that a sufficient intellect, on examining the entire state of the Universe at any definite moment of the past, could have foretold in every particular the state in which it is at the present or will be at any moment in the future. It is a thought with which all are familiar in its application to astronomy and its calculations of the time and manner of transits and eclipses; if determinism rules throughout and mind is but the product of matter, it must apply to mental as much as to physical phases and states. Mr. Mallock illustrates this point with unnecessary prolixity, but with a pleasing ingenuity, taking as a typical instance the famous saying of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless until we find rest in Thee;" and arguing that to explain its utterance at the exact day and hour, there must have preceded and conditioned it the definite collocation and direction of each particle of matter and each unit of force, just as they each and all were at any and every moment in the near or remote past.

But if so, he asks, how are we to account for the fact that there was at that moment of the past just this distribution of matter and force, which contained within its potentiality not only this incisive apophthegm of St. Augustine's but all things else which combine to produce the present order and beauty of this physical universe, and particularly of the intellectual, moral, and aesthetic order which pervades its vast department of mental states? We may ascribe all this to Purpose or we may ascribe it to Chance. There is no conceivable mean between these two, and Haeckel and his followers would ascribe it to Chance, whilst others like Spencer, who deprecate the name, eventually do the same. But, argues Mr. Mallock—and this part of his

work he has done particularly well—Chance is but the ghost of Purpose, an “anthropistic illusion” which gives some satisfaction to an unreflecting mind because it is vested by imagination with some of the clothes of Purpose, whilst yet declared to be its opposite. We are constrained then to fall back on the intervention of Purpose as the sole intelligible cause of the complicated pre-arrangements whence, even if the destructive doctrine of Materialism is accepted, the order of the Universe is derived.

But Purpose is unthinkable except as conceived and intended by a Mind; where then is the mind which has conceived a purpose so vast and profound? To this inquiry Mr. Mallock devotes a chapter, which he probably regards as the gem of his book, and which marks the advance on his previous thought to which reference was made at the beginning of this article. We must again remind ourselves that his method is to compel Materialism to push the application of its principles to their ultimate conclusions. This he strives to do here in the following manner. That there is mind in the Universe, and that it presents itself to us in an ascending order of development, in the various forms of animal and in human life, is certain and acknowledged. But, if this mind be the product of matter, then all matter must in some sense be possessed of the two distinctive qualities of mind, namely, thought and feeling. And Mr. Mallock agrees with Professor Haeckel in detecting these two qualities in a rudimentary state, in the phenomena of chemical affinity.

The various chemical elements perceive qualitative differences in other elements [says Professor Haeckel], undergo pleasure or revulsion at contact with them, and execute their movements on this ground [to which Mr. Mallock adds that they must be able to calculate quantitative differences also].

And in this sense we are invited to regard such processes as the combination of one of oxygen with two of hydrogen, as “processes of strong emotion,” founded, of course, on corresponding perceptions. Further, just as—in the building up of the human being through a growing combination of cells (on materialistic principles)—the individual inclinations of the several cells jointly give rise to a communal inclination of quite a different character in which all are absorbed and unified, so is it with “the affinities or inclinations of a pair of combining

atoms (which) coalesce into a molecular inclination different from that of either."

By the same mode of reasoning these theorists consider themselves entitled to ascribe to the material elements a rudimentary faculty of thought in the higher sense, that is, a faculty of combining the sense-impressions received into orderly and intelligible forms. Each cell, and similarly each material element, has thus its own rudimentary capacity to think, though it is only when they combine together, under conditions such as those existing in the brain, that the communal thinking is developed which differs in character so much from that of its contributories, and becomes what we ordinarily understand by the term "thought."

All the elements of matter possess in a rudimentary form the power to think and feel, but it is only when combined into the groups called animals and men, that they exhibit this thought and feeling in the transfigured forms to which we are wont to apply these names. So far goes Professor Haeckel, whom Mr. Mallock takes as the type of an advanced Materialist. But why stop there, asks Mr. Mallock. Why not be consistent in the application of these principles, and infer that the entire Universe—which is the totality of these thinking and feeling elements, and that by whose all-controlling Determinism they take up their respective places and discharge their respective functions—why not infer that this entire Universe is likewise instinct with thought and feeling, even in the highest and most developed form? He imagines it must be because Professor Haeckel limits his conception of combination to combinations of actual contact, and he reminds him that there are other modes of combination besides molecules, in which various bodies can be collocated in relation to one another, and under which they can act upon one another across enormous distances, treating all intervening portions of matter as non-existent. Is it unlikely, then, that there is a psychical as well as a physical side to this inter-relation and interaction between bodies separated from one another, even by the whole expanse of space, and that the Universe in its totality thinks and feels and purposes as fully as, and more fully than, do its constituent elements?

If purpose is exhibited in the chemical elements, . . . [if] there is thought and purpose in a molecule when it seeks and avoids another ; . . . if there is purpose in the little phenomena there must be purpose

in the larger also ; and when this is admitted, there is but one step more to take—namely, to merge all this hierarchy of feelings, thoughts, and purposes in one universal mind, which shall unify and co-ordinate them all.

And if so, are we not entitled to claim that the science which was supposed to have effectually banished God from the Universe is found to hatch itself under this incubation of its own principles into the re-affirmation of a Power to which, since it feels and purposes no other name is applicable than that of a living Deity ?

Before we accompany Mr. Mallock any further, let us ask ourselves what judgment we should pass on this singular piece of reasoning by the aid of which he provides us with a Pantheistic God. It is surely characterized by a very obvious defect. We may pass over the glaring assumption that the constituent atoms are instinct with thought and feeling, an assumption for which there is no other basis save that the Materialist would be glad if it were so, though most Materialists hesitate to make it. But how is it that Mr. Mallock fails to see why Professor Haeckel stops at the human brain and does not venture to attribute consciousness to any vaster and more complex groups of atoms in combination ? It is because experience shows us that consciousness exists there, but can find no traces of it in the totality of the Universe. If the Universe in its totality were arranged around an enormous spinal cord, branching out into an all-pervading network of nerves, and terminating in a vast expanse of convoluted brain, and if this giant brain gave indications of its mighty consciousness by some appropriate mode of utterance, then no doubt Professor Haeckel would have been only too glad to claim that impressive fact as a signal proof of Cosmic intelligence. As it is he had no alternative save to consider the Universe, from the point of view of the intelligence to be found in it, a "disorderly pluralism." And then lastly there is the assumption, tacitly slipped in, in flagrant opposition to the principle which we are supposed to be applying, that the Universe, alike in its totality and in its constituent elements, is somehow or other disengaged from the rule of Determinism ; for where there is Determinism, how can there be purpose, seeing that purpose essentially involves, whilst Determinism essentially excludes, free selection of means to an end ? It may be said indeed, in deprecation of this last item of criticism, that Mr. Mallock shows himself fully aware that there is this conflicting element in his argument, and that he discusses the

resulting difficulty later on. It is true he does, but there, as we shall see presently, the conflict is between the different conclusions of independent lines of inquiry. Whereas what we have just criticized is a conflict arising out of the tacit introduction of the idea of purpose into a line of argument which professedly excludes it, and is therefore not entitled to use it.

We have not, however, finished as yet the account of Mr. Mallock's theory; and so must allow him for the moment to assume, as established by the argumentation just given, that there is a living Deity capable of feeling and purposing, which has arranged the present order of the world and controls the destiny of its inhabitants. But this living Deity must have a further attribute, our author justly perceives, if men's belief in Him is to attain to the quality of a religion. He must be shown to be consistently on the side of Good, and to have for His special object the highest good of man. And yet to show this is difficult, in view of the extent to which good and evil are intermingled in this world of His fashioning. Many have worked at the problem of evil, but Mr. Mallock will have none of their solutions; they are mere tricks of "theological card-sharping," he says. He has, however, a way of his own—a "practical solution" he calls it—which he recommends as sufficient for our needs. The evil in the world, he argues, might lead us to infer that its God was evil; but just as much may the good in the world lead us to infer that He is good; and there is a two-fold consideration which should incline us to give preference to the latter inference. The belief in God's goodness "is one of those deep-seated and widely-spread beliefs which must, on strictly scientific principles, have some equally general fact in the constitution of things as its origin"; it is, moreover, "a belief which promotes human development, while its opposite promotes human decay." Hence, "in spite of the difficulties which the facts of evil present to us, the balance of probabilities in favour of the religious assertion is, from some points of view, overwhelming." This is Mr. Mallock's argument, which is after the manner of "pragmatism," though it is hard to see what validity there can be in such arguments from practical utility, *until* the truth that man is governed by a good God has first been vindicated. Why should a belief which is practically useful be also true, if our beliefs, like all things else, are but incidents in the evolution of a cosmic system, over which determinism reigns supreme? Is not Mr. Mallock again convicted of slipping Free Will into his scheme without due warrant?

We are not, however, losing sight of his acknowledgment that in assenting to this conclusion (in behalf of belief in God's goodness) "we are merely defying our difficulties and in no wise solving them;" and that "we must therefore set ourselves to face the difficulty of evil and ask ourselves how . . . we can save ourselves from a contradiction in thought that tears reason to pieces, and urges us to abandon a belief which renders such havoc inevitable." But it is not here only that he finds his system for the relief of our religious perplexities issuing in a flat contradiction in thought. It is the difficulty which confronts him at the termination of each one of his lines of argument, and he naturally feels the necessity of seeking a solution of some general and fundamental kind. It is a mode of solution to which he is not the first to resort, and we have now to see how he does it. But it will enable us the better to understand him at this stage if we first briefly recapitulate and complete the outline of the argument we have been studying.

He acknowledges that what he calls the scientific method—that is, the method of Materialistic Monism—essentially excludes the three fundamental religious beliefs as incompatible with the all-pervading Determinism. But he claims that, inasmuch as the collapse of these beliefs would effectually extinguish all civilized progress, there is a *prima facie* presumption in favour of their validity. Thus encouraged, he proceeds to consider, in the case of the belief in Theism, whether after all the scientific method does not ultimately, if consistently applied, lead to a conclusion in harmony with the presumption, and he judges that it does. For, since on the very principles of Determinism, all the present was contained implicitly in all the past, we are thrown back on the necessity of explaining the original collocation and quantities of the material elements and material forces, and it is only by recourse to purpose, as conceived and executed by an intelligent mind, that any satisfactory explanation can be obtained. This is his inference, and to this extent he can reasonably claim that the method of Determinism defeats itself by carrying the mind on to a self-contradictory situation. It is in the next stage that we find the fallacious reasoning, to which, however, attention has been sufficiently called. In this next stage his contention is that if mind, which is unquestionably in the Universe somehow, is the product of matter, the Universe itself must be a thinking and feeling

personality, and should therefore be recognized as the Deity, through the instrumentality of whose intelligent and purposive action the present order of the world prevails. It is thus that our author forces science to justify the belief in Theism. This is as far as we have got at present. As guidance towards converting presumption into proof as regards the other two beliefs, Mr. Mallock has not much to give us, nor is he very clear even in that little. Most of the space he allots to the subject is taken up with a somewhat contemptuous criticism of the attempt of Sir Oliver Lodge to break a way through the walls of Determinism. But the argument upon which he wishes us to fall back is like that by which he has justified belief in divine goodness. We cannot dispossess ourselves of the belief in Free Will, and this ineradicable belief being evolved by the processes of Determinism, must be valid. "There is no conception which forms itself in (men's) minds more instinctively, and when formed, is for practical purposes more vivid and operative, than this impossible and intellectually self-stultifying conception of moral freedom." Belief in Free Will once vindicated, there is, moreover, no outstanding difficulty in the belief in Immortality: "for the will can only be free if it is in some sense independent of the body, and if it is independent of the body, there is nothing to suggest that it need die with it."

We have now clearly before us the character of the Antinomies in which Mr. Mallock's system issues. On the one hand, an all-pervading Determinism excludes Purpose, and therefore excludes God; on the other, it leads up to Purpose without which the order of the Universe is unintelligible, and therefore leads up to God. On the one hand, Determinism excludes all exceptions to its rigid sequence of cause and effect and therefore excludes Free Will; on the other, it evolves in us an ineradicable consciousness of Free Will, which, as coming from such a source, must be taken as valid. On the one hand, Determinism excludes the idea of any spiritual reality independent of matter, and therefore excludes the Immortality of the Soul; on the other, in evolving the Belief in Free Will, it restores to us the certainty of spiritual realities, and removes the main difficulty of belief in Immortality. To which three Antinomies must be added as a fourth, the contradiction involved in the simultaneous presence of good in the world, which presupposes that God is good, and of evil, which presupposes that He is evil.

If an argument leads up to these glaring paradoxes, does

it not stand self-condemned? So an unsophisticated reader might be inclined to ask. But "Not at all," answers Mr. Mallock, with the followers of Kant and Spencer. It only shows that his system shares the lot of all systems of thought, for "there is no speculative conclusion in the whole region of speculation with regard to which philosophers are more unanimous [?] than this, that all our conceptions of everything end in some contradiction." And he instances the theological conceptions of the First Cause in theology, and of space, time, matter, motion, consciousness, in philosophy. Is the First Cause caused by another, or self-caused, or self-existent? The first two of these alternatives involve contradiction, and if we try to follow out the meaning of the third, "the mind is drowned in the depths of a past eternity." Moreover, a First Cause must be absolute, and yet cannot be absolute, since to create is to become related to what it creates; and it must be infinite, yet cannot be infinite, since to be infinite is to have all possible existence, whilst to create is to add to the totality of existence. Has space any boundaries? It must have or not have them, yet neither is conceivable, and the same must be said of duration. Is matter infinitely divisible or not? It must be one or the other, yet neither is conceivable. Motion involves that the body moving passes successively through an infinite series of places, yet between each pair of contiguous places there must be some intervening space, however small, and how can the moving body traverse these? Consciousness involves that the perceiving subject and the perceived object are identical, yet consciousness is inconceivable without a distinction between subject and object. The knowledge, however, that these fundamental philosophical ideas are thus self-contradictory does not prevent us from believing in them, nor the theologian's knowledge of the contradictions involved in the idea of a First Cause prevent him from believing in it. Neither then need we be discouraged from accepting Mr. Mallock's defence of the three Beliefs merely because in his final conclusions we find the self-same contradictions which attach to the mental conditions of all human thought. What we have got to look to in all these cases—alike in the fundamental ideas of theology or philosophy, and in the fundamental beliefs which Mr. Mallock has been studying—is whether they are "real in a true practical sense." Matter is true, motion is true, consciousness is true in this real practical sense, and

perceiving this we are not moved to scepticism by the ultimate contradictions in these ideas which have been indicated. And Mr. Mallock claims for the arguments we have been considering that they achieve at least this for the Beliefs in God, in Free Will, and in Immortality.

We have now before us Mr. Mallock's scheme for the *Reconstruction of Belief* in all its leading features, but few Christian Theists, it is to be feared, will consider that it justifies the expectations they were encouraged by its author to conceive. Even if it could be held to restore to us our three Beliefs in any solid sense, it could not be a sense which would infuse into them that vigorous life which Mr. Mallock rightly recognizes as lying at the roots of all moral, æsthetic, and intellectual progress. But the scheme does not appear to restore the beliefs in any solid sense whatever. The argumentation in its course has been found defective at many points, some but not all of which have been indicated. Indeed, the only points that the author has really established are just those which the much-despised "clerical" apologists have established beforehand, and which point as strongly—to say the least—to a Theistic as to a Pantheistic conclusion. And now at the end we are brought to a confession of paradoxes, for the sufferance of which some sanction may doubtless be borrowed from philosophers like Kant and Spencer, but which do not give much satisfaction to the mind; and which fall very flat on the minds of those who are familiar with the very reasonable solutions of the scholastic writers. Most of the alleged Antinomies cited by Mr. Mallock from theology and philosophy, are by no means so hard to solve, and even if they were there is the all-important distinction to be made between asserting that the apparent contradictions are actual contradictions and yet both true, and acknowledging that one cannot see how they can be reconciled but knows that they can be, since both are proved to be true. The latter is an intelligible position to take up, and one that well-informed minds are often compelled to take up. The latter, *pace* Kant and Spencer, is not an intelligible position for any one to take up. And yet it is just this which Mr. Mallock does take up.

S. F. S.

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A YEAR and a half had passed away since that Corpus Christi morning when Lona taking her fate into her own hands, by the gift of a blood-red rose publicly offered to the man she loved, had compromised herself with a joyful heart.

She had foreseen the result, and had taken this step with open eyes, well knowing how vain was the hope of obtaining her grandfather's consent to her union with Christian Schwerteneck. Nor was she mistaken. Attila, on learning that he had been outwitted by his grand-daughter in such prompt and singular fashion, had stormed and fumed, making use of many trenchant and vigorous imprecations, both German and Hungarian, which my timid pen refuses to transcribe. Yet throughout this explosion of blustering fury, Attila had from the first recognized the futility of his opposition. Lona was of age, and as absolute mistress of her own very considerable fortune, was undoubtedly at liberty to marry whom she listed, as he himself had been fool enough to remark in her presence. He cursed himself now for a blind old idiot, not to have guessed the truth beforehand, and taken vigorous measures to avert this catastrophe. He might surely have known—he said to himself after the event—that when a girl who has been wearing black frocks for over four years, suddenly decks herself out in fluttering lace draperies and flaming red roses, she must assuredly be up to the devil's own mischief. If only a suspicion

of the real state of things had crossed his mind in time, he would have locked her up securely in one of the castle turrets and kept her there imprisoned on bread and water until she came to her senses. In such simple and practical fashion had his forefathers been wont to deal with their womankind whenever they had proved refractory to paternal or marital authority; although Attila greatly doubted whether any daughter of the Hunvalagi race had ever dared to show herself so outrageously rebellious as this particular girl. It could surely only be the deplorable strain of English blood in her veins that had the effect of making a woman so preposterously independent; and that confounded old Scotch carpet-maker's money had put the seal on the catastrophe by giving her the means to put her hair-brained resolution into execution. (Here a few of the choicest and most explicit Hungarian oaths were discharged to the direct address of the late Mr. Bruce.)

But locking-up was of no good at this time of day, for it would be like securing the stable-door after the filly was stolen. Lona had hopelessly compromised herself, for who would now care to marry a girl who had suffered herself to be kissed, yes, publicly kissed on the high-road before an assembled crowd of gaping rustics and servants. The disgraced and disobedient lass might now for aught he cared go where she listed, marry a sweep or a swineherd if she so pleased. He had washed his hands of her for ever—of her and of that man whom he had sworn never to accept as a grandson-in-law.

There was no hope or prospect of overthrowing the adamant resolution of the fierce old Hungarian, who preferred to cast off the sole remaining family tie now left to him, condemning his last days on earth to exclusive solitude rather than depart one inch, one line from the principles whereby his life had been ruled.

And perhaps, if we strive to take an impartial view of the case, compromise or concession were alike impossible to him. There are prejudices and superstitions so deplorably fixed, so fatally strong, as to have the weight of a religious creed upon spirits that have been reared in an atmosphere of foregone conclusions and dogged infatuation. At the advanced age of eighty-six it is probably as impossible for a man to modify or reform his preconceived ideas of honour and chivalry as it would be to attempt to straighten the crooked limb of a centenarian oak-tree.

Lona's marriage, which had taken place early in July, scarce four weeks after her sensational betrothal, was celebrated very quietly at the village church of Stillberg, and after the ceremony Christian had taken his young wife to her new home at Fahrafeld, there to reign over a new set of roses that had meanwhile blossomed to replace those of the Corpus Christi holocaust. As a matter of course, Mabel had likewise been transplanted to her daughter's house, where under the influence of fresh surroundings and the loving care bestowed upon her, she grew less restless, and gradually attained a condition of peaceful and vegetating contentment, now mercifully and finally oblivious of the harrowing events whereby her reason had been destroyed.

Lona had now been married for nearly eighteen months, and had tasted freely of the gall as well as of the honey whereof every wedded life, even the happiest, is made up; for it is one thing to hurl defiance at society under the influence of supreme emotion, and quite another to live out the consequences of that heroic act day by day, and hour by hour, in a series of petty slights and humiliations, each paltry and insignificant, no doubt, but which taken collectively assume the dimensions of a fiery ordeal.

Never for even a passing moment had Lona regretted the impulse that had caused her to break with all conventional opinions; and to-day, as then, she considered the world—that blind, senseless world—well lost for love; yet for her husband's sake she suffered none the less acutely, when she saw that her hero, the man who in her eyes deserved to be crowned with laurel and set up on a lofty pedestal as the prototype of manly honour and integrity, was shunned and despised by scores of other men who assuredly were not worthy to tie his shoe-strings. Not one of their former neighbours would have had the courage to touch his hand; not a single door but was rigidly closed against him; men whose eyes enabled them to sight a chamois at two thousand paces, now laboured under abnormal fits of purblindness at Christian's approach, or suddenly discovered something of peculiar and absorbing interest whereon to rivet their attention in quite another direction. It was everywhere the same, whether riding or driving, at church or on the market-place; for it verily appeared as though this tall, broad-shouldered man, who measured six foot two in his stockings, had all at

once become invisible to the normal eyes of a certain class of society.

Christian himself cared little for this result, accepting it with broad-minded simplicity as a fitting atonement; not for the ridiculous charge of cowardice, which he knew to be undeserved, but for that other act, the one real crime against laws divine and human which he had committed in those bygone days of blind and ignorant submission to a hollow and rotten code of honour. Was he not happier by far than he had ever hoped or deserved to be in having gained Lona for his wife? And when in May a little son had been born to them, then indeed it had seemed to Christian as though life had nothing further to offer, and that there was no king on earth with whom he would have cared to change places.

Now it was December, and Lona was preparing to decorate the first Christmas-tree that had graced her new home, for Baby Christian having nearly attained the ripe age of eight months, and being of course the most precocious and gifted infant ever known to history, was considered capable of appreciating and enjoying the sight of the glittering tree, and of being initiated into the yet unrealized rapture of making acquaintance with gingerbread and chocolate drops.

"Do you require my assistance?" asked Christian, gazing down fondly at his wife's little hands, as they moved swiftly to and fro amidst a tangled heap of gold, silver, and coloured paper which she was deftly weaving into baskets and chains.

Lona looked up with loving mockery in her laughing eyes.

"Thanks, Christian, awfully. But on the whole I prefer to work alone. You see your dear great giant paws are more capable of destroying paper ornaments than of making them. Have you forgotten the day, just two years ago, when you tore up all poor Father Martin's paper chains at the school-house after we had spent two laborious hours on their construction? Do you remember, Christian?"

"Do I remember! That was the very first day that I began to have—not hope exactly—but something resembling the bare shadow of an idea that you might perhaps in time return my love. Of course you did not guess it, for I was then nothing to you but a mere indifferent acquaintance."

Lona began to laugh again, very softly and tenderly, and yet with an inflection of exquisite enjoyment in her tone, as she retorted:

"You were always remarkable for perspicacity, Christian; for of course you never guessed that when nobody was looking I slipped a piece of one of them into my pocket and took it home with me."

"What did you put in your pocket? What did you take home?" queried the husband, now thoroughly mystified.

"Why a piece of one of those paper chains you had been treating so badly, you blind old man! It is there still to-day in that little sandal wood-box, where I keep my dearest treasures. I put it there exactly two years ago, as a souvenir of the mere indifferent acquaintance, who had not yet begun to hope even a tiny bit. But what can one expect of a man who is so terribly dense that if I had not had the brazen effrontery to come and fetch him on a certain June morning, would still, I suppose, be living here in a blessed state of confirmed bachelorhood, quite unconscious, of course, that he was making two people unhappy instead of one."

Christian's reply to these disclosures was of that direct, explicit character, which although entirely comprehensible and satisfactory to the auditor, presents insurmountable difficulties to the narrator who has neglected to provide himself with a pocket Kodak. Some minutes were thus necessarily wasted ere Lona was able to resume her interrupted occupation of wrestling with the intricacies of gum and tissue paper; and when, at last, she was free to do so, her cheeks were a good deal pinker and her eyes brighter than they had previously been.

It was, however, destined that the decorations for Baby Christian's first Christmas-tree were to proceed no further to-day, for presently the sound of jingling sledge bells announced the approach of a visitor, such a rare and unexpected event at Fahrafeld as to cause Lona instantaneously to drop her paper trimmings and rush to the window.

"It is Father Martin!" she exclaimed, having recognized the shabby, well-worn vehicle covered with a coarse sheepskin rug, whence the old priest had just laboriously descended. "Of course I might have guessed that no one else was likely to remember us. How good of him, and how delightful. Now it will be exactly like a repetition of that other day two years ago, when he came back covered with snow from old Frau Backhofer's death-bed, and found us with all his candles burnt out!"

But Lona was mistaken this time, for no chapter in life ever

repeats itself, and as soon as she beheld the old priest's grave and troubled face, she knew that something unusual must have brought him hither.

"What is it, Father Martin?" she said, advancing to meet him. "Has anything happened?"

"Your grandfather is dying; he cannot live out the week the doctors say, and so I thought it my duty to come and fetch you, since there is no one else to take your place."

Yes, Attila's long life was nearly run out, and he was even now on the brink of that distant land where swords and bloodshed have no existence.

A sharp attack of pneumonia, following upon a protracted feverish cold, had hastened the end, and hearing of his condition the old village priest had deemed it expedient to visit the dying patron of his parish, and offer the administration of the last sacraments.

Somewhat to Father Martin's surprise these overtures were accepted without demur, and it was with a certain stately courtesy—not wholly unmixed with condescension—that Attila submitted to the ceremonies prescribed by the Church. His forefathers, however turbulently they may have lived as a rule, had mostly been wont to make their peace with Heaven at the eleventh hour, and there was no reason why he should not act in like fashion. And some little pomp and ceremony about the death-bed of a Hunvalagi seemed but natural and befitting.

It was only, however, when Father Martin, ere pronouncing the final words of absolution, had put some customary question as to whether the dying man was now at peace with all humanity, and had forgiven his foes, that the old fierce spirit of the dying Hun asserted itself in the unexpected reply:

"Have I forgiven my enemies, do you ask, Father Martin? Why there are none left to forgive, since I killed them all long ago."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST OF THE HUNS.

ATTILA did not recognize his grand-daughter, when two hours later she reached his bedside. His mind had begun to wander, and his spirit, lost henceforth to all sense of the actual hour and place, had leaped back over the gulf of time, and with that

marvellous mental agility which is surely one of the most awful and mysterious of death-bed phenomena, was living over again the events and experiences of long decades of years in as many minutes. Long forgotten scenes and incidents were evidently passing in delirious procession before his fixedly-staring eyes; long hushed voices were whispering in his ears, and myriads of vanished faces were crowding around his bed. And in the rambling flow of talk, that like an irresponsible babbling stream issued almost incessantly from his fevered lips, the bystanders were occasionally able to trace the direction his thoughts were taking.

"Insulted, brothers? To be sure you are, and I am quite at your service. What nonsense are you prating about my costume being irregular? Any costume comes handy to a gentleman, so why should I not fight in my shirt, if I choose? On guard! on guard! as you love your life; and, Pista, bring linen rags to staunch the blood and bind up the gentlemen's wounds. We have plenty of linen breeches, ha! ha! ha! so do not hesitate to come again as often as you feel inclined. Bravo! that's right, Donka! Now out in tierce, Anga, and give it to him roundly. Not quick enough my boy, for see, he has run you through. Ha! ha! What, Donka dead? Nonsense! But it is all right if the duel was correctly fought—for no one lives with a stain on his honour. It is only those craven-hearted ones that refuse to fight that are dead, dead, dead! for no one will look at them, or touch their dishonoured hand. Who would have thought it of that big, strong fellow! He did not look like a craven-heart—and yet—and yet he refused the challenge. I have always wondered——"

Lona listening with bated breath, knew that Attila was now talking of her husband, and despite the solemnity of the moment she experienced a little glow of satisfaction on realizing that her grandfather's confused and rambling words contained something like an unconscious apology to the man whom he had condemned as dishonourable.

During four days and nights these rambling ravings ran on almost without intermission, with that fevered violence that is so infinitely more powerful than the vigour of health—but on the fifth day he lay still at last, exhausted by the battle which his iron constitution had been waging against the creeping advance of approaching dissolution. His eyes were now closed, and only the short, laboured breathing was there to

testify that a spark of life still resided within that worn-out frame.

The end came at midnight on the 28th of December, when Lona, with one of the Sisters of Charity, who by Christian's orders had been called in to relieve his wife of some part of the fatigue of nursing her dying grandfather, was sitting beside his bed. The apathy of the last twenty-four hours had given way to a new, growing restlessness that found expression in a convulsive plucking at the bed-clothes with those attenuated fingers, that now more than ever resembled the claws of a bird of prey. Quite unexpectedly he sat up in bed, straightened his figure with a supreme effort that took them completely by surprise. The eyes, very wide open, were fixed and shining with a fierce yellow light, as though he were gazing upon some hateful object. And his voice was almost as strong as of yore as he called imperiously :

"Quick, Pista—my pistols, and place the candles there on both the tables. The scurvy hound shall not escape me—when the clock strikes midnight that will be the signal to begin!"

With head bent a little forward and extended left arm, he appeared to be waiting for something with fixed and strained attention. Then, when through the open door of the study alongside, there came the sound of the old German clock striking twelve o'clock, the hand that had been grasping an imaginary firearm, dropped down as suddenly as it had been extended.

"Pista, remove that carrion: Anga is avenged. My work is done!"

The words came out in short, gurgling gasps, as Attila, the last of the long and remarkable Hunvalagi race, fell back lifeless on his pillows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

THE funeral was fixed for the 31st of December, the last day of the old year and of the old century; a cold, frosty day whose brilliant sunshine was reflected upon long winding sheets of new-fallen snow spread over the land. The ceremony was attended by quite an unusual number of people of all classes who came flocking from far and wide in order to pay their

tribute of courtesy to the defunct bearer of a now extinct name; for although Attila, by reason of his peculiarities, had made few friends while he lived, and could scarcely be accounted a popular character, yet he had undoubtedly been an important and distinguished personage, alike because of his fortune and position, as by reason of a certain halo of romantic tradition interwoven round the figure of one who in his youth had been spoken of as the most remarkable and successful duellist of his day. Moreover, the series of unusually tragic events that had resulted in the extinction in the male line of a once numerous and promising family, had excited universal sympathy. And those who had felt compelled by a painful sense of duty to show the cold shoulder to Baroness Lona's unfortunate choice, were now equally anxious to proclaim their regard for one who, in his own peculiar and semi-barbaric fashion, had undoubtedly been an ornament to his caste, a chip of the old block, as he was often styled, a nobleman of the now fast disappearing *vieille roche* type.

There were many officers as well as civilians present to-day at the funeral, for in the army too the former Captain Attila had always enjoyed a certain respect and consideration; and as the cavalry regiment stationed at Sanct Peter, the little garrison town, was still the same to which the tragically deceased Count George Wilding had belonged, it was only natural and fitting that a deputation of the 19th Lancers should attend the obsequies.

To Lona the whole ceremony was an inexpressibly trying and painful ordeal, which, however, in her character of chief mourner, she could not escape. This was virtually her first appearance in public since her marriage, and, as leaning upon Christian's arm, she followed the coffin up the steep winding path that led to the family mausoleum on the hill above the village, and took her place by the open vault, she was nervously and sensitively conscious of the many curious, scornful, and contemptuous eyes fixed upon her husband.

That these eyes were quickly averted whenever she happened to glance in their direction, but served to point the intended insult more acutely, and bring home yet more convincingly the assurance that they were now as pariahs amidst this assembled crowd of their former acquaintances, among whom she recognized many who in bygone days would have considered it an honour to be suffered to exchange a bow with her.

But she bore herself proudly and bravely beneath this scorching ordeal, betraying no outward sign of disturbance or mortification to any of these gaping bystanders. Only her face had gone rather pale, and Christian could feel how the little hand that lay within his arm was trembling slightly under the influence of forcibly-repressed emotion.

The coffin had already been lowered into the vault, whither, contrary to the order of nature, Attila's sons and grandsons had already preceded him, and there now remained but the concluding part of the ceremony to be performed, which consisted in the solemn destruction of the painted coat-of-arms of the Hunvalagi family that had adorned the catafalque, in accordance with the ancient traditional custom that prescribes this visible and tangible sign of the complete extinction in the male line of any noble race.

It was just at this moment when Father Martin, as the chief officiating priest, was about to hand over to Christian Schwerteneck, as the sole male relative present, the wooden shield whereon was emblazoned the dagger, battle-axe, and spear of the Hunvalagis', along with the motto :

STABIT HONOR GENTIS RUBEAT DUM MUCRO CRUORE,

that some equally blood-thirsty descendant of the great Hun had added on to the original coat-of-arms, when a violent agitation, running through the crowd of funeral guests like a gigantic shiver, seemed to denote that something unusual was taking place. All faces were turned in one direction, like flowers towards the rising sun ; and even the priest had paused with the painted shield in his hand, and was likewise gazing at the tall, slim figure of a stranger coming quickly along the short piece of gravelled walk leading to the mausoleum, with a step at once firm and elastic—an expressive step it might be called, instinctively conveying an impression of authority, combined with direct and unswerving purpose. The dark, olive face and thoughtful brown eyes, set off and thrown into relief by a bright, turned-up collar of tawny fur that, touched by the rays of the departing sun, seemed to frame his countenance in a golden halo, were unknown to the old priest ; but someone in the crowd had already recognized the new-comer, either from a previous meeting, or maybe from a portrait, and a rustling whisper sped through the crowd like the surging movement of swaying tree-tops set in motion by a fast-rising wind :

"The Prince! the Prince! It is the Prince of Catalonia," was repeated on all sides in accents of murmuring surprise.

Truly a great and wonderful occurrence in this quiet country neighbourhood which had never yet within the memory of any of these people been graced by such a remarkable apparition as that of a real live Royal Highness!

But what on earth could the Prince be doing here? was the perplexed question that traversed many a mind, as people jostled each other, or stood on tip-toe for a better sight of this surprising apparition.

Suspense, however, was of short duration, as, walking straight up to where Christian was standing, Prince Michael of Catalonia—for it was he indeed and no other—extended his hand with a cordial gesture:

"I am rejoiced to see that I have not arrived too late," he said in a clear, ringing voice, loud enough to be heard by all bystanders. "I have just come from Fahrafeld, where I had hoped to find you, but was directed hither. I came here expressly to-day, Herr von Schwerteneck, in order to congratulate you on your brave and noble conduct, and to have the honour of shaking hands with a man who has had the courage to remain true to his religious and moral principles, undeterred by worldly considerations or social prejudice. You have proved yourself worthy to be called Christian; for such indeed you are, not by name only, but by deed and action. Would that there were more such to be found; but your noble independence cannot fail to bear salutary fruits, and each one that has the courage to follow your example will be as another stone added to the rampart we are striving to erect against the deplorable survival of what can only be regarded as a remnant of mediæval superstition. And now," he continued, turning to Father Martin, and with a courteous gesture taking from him the painted wooden shield which his hands still mechanically grasped, "you will, I hope, permit me to have a share in this solemn and impressive ceremony by destroying the coat-of-arms of an extinct race—the last homage we can render to the departed, who has left no male descendant to carry on his name."

With the rapid decision that characterized all his movements Prince Michael laid hold of the emblazoned shield, and bent it betwixt his long, tapering hands, whose delicate appearance was strangely in contradiction with the latent power residing in the

well-trained iron muscles. The thin oaken board snapped in twain with a sharp resounding crack, which in the still, frosty air sounded almost like a pistol detonation, after which the two sundered pieces were cast down into the black, yawning vault, where they fell with a dull, heavy thud on to the velvet-palled coffin—to lie there for evermore, and rot away to dust.

This deed accomplished, the Prince turned round again to address the gaping and wondering spectators of this unexpected conclusion of the funeral ceremony.

"Gentlemen!" he said, raising his voice yet a little in order to be distinctly heard by even the most distant members of the assembly. "You are all here to witness that we have rendered the final chivalrous homage to the last scion of a long and noble line. Fate has decreed that henceforth no living man may venture to adorn his scutcheon with the dagger, battle-axe, and spear—those bloody emblems transmitted to his descendants by one who gloried in the designation of the Scourge of God. And no doubt it is better so, for those emblems, that motto, can only be regarded as a glaring anachronism in our sober and enlightened days. And as nothing in this life is the work of chance, must not the conviction be imperatively forced upon us that something more powerful than mere chance has here decreed that this, the last day of the old century, should witness the annihilation of an ancient heraldic device that has ceased to have any rational excuse or *raison d'être*? And while respecting the memory of our forefathers, who, according to their lights, adhered to a rigidly preconceived standard of honour, let us beware of paying them the mistaken compliment of slavishly imitating and endorsing their mistakes, their prejudices and errors. The wisdom of one generation too often becomes the folly of the next: and since all wisdom can only be the result of age and experience, we, as an older generation, are, or should be, wiser than those who preceded us. And as our forefathers in their successive generations laid aside superstitious absurdities which had descended to them from their ancestors, it surely behoves us to do in like fashion, by discarding those traditions whose futility we have recognized. Little more than a century ago the best and noblest among our forefathers burnt witches with an easy conscience; and it is easy to predict that our grandchildren will have come to regard the vice of duelling as a crime scarcely less heinous and senseless than the blind superstition which found expression in the cremation of

harmless and helpless old women. But must we indeed wait for our grandchildren to teach us the wisdom we have hitherto lacked? This will surely not be necessary, for already enlightenment has come to many; and day by day are swelling the ranks of those who have taken a solemn pledge never more to run the risk of loading their souls with the foul crime of homicide, that goes masquerading under the flimsy pretence of an affair of honour. May the new century that will dawn for us to-morrow denote the opening of a fresh era, whose yet virgin annals will be seldom, if ever, stained by any record of such iniquitous and irrational doings."

While the dumbfounded and bewildered auditors were exchanging agitated whispers and breathless commentaries on the subject of the foregoing speech, Prince Michael had again turned towards Herr von Schwerteneck, with whom he remained for some minutes longer in gracious and friendly conversation. And then, having shaken hands once more with both husband and wife, he was gone almost as suddenly as he had appeared on the scene; like a vision from another world which disappears as soon as its mission is accomplished, while Lona was left once more alone with her husband amidst this cold and hostile crowd of strangers, for whom they apparently did not exist.

But the surprises of this most surprising of all days were not yet at an end, for it would almost seem as though some subtle and mysterious change had meanwhile come over the greater portion of the assembled people, who now were rustling like a flock of barndoor fowls, whose habitual self-satisfied placidity has unexpectedly been disturbed by the advent of a game-cock of unprecedented glory and brilliancy.

How it exactly began no one could remember, but presently a hat somewhere in the crowd was lifted in a timid and irresolute salutation towards Herr von Schwerteneck, and in the next minute Lona's hand was nervously grasped by a lady, who in fluttering and incoherent accents began to explain how for the last half-hour she had been positively yearning for the opportunity of pressing her hand and offering her condolences, and how impossible it had previously been to catch Frau von Schwerteneck's eye, the new-fallen snow was so distressingly blinding, and she, the speaker, was so unfortunately short-sighted, &c.

And,—as the great majority of people are like sheep, ever ready to follow in any given direction wheresoever they

are led,—after this beginning, many more hats were raised and many more hands extended to both Lona and Christian ; while a few bolder and more independent individuals actually went the length of promising to call at Fahrafeld at an early date, explaining why they had hitherto been debarred, either by absence, illness or some other equally uncontrollable circumstance, from performing this agreeable duty.

Only the officers of the 19th Lancers with the major at their head, left the scene rather precipitately, and with embarrassment plainly writ on their faces. For them the time had not yet come when they might, without jeopardizing their position, venture to touch the hand of a fellow-man whose principles forbid him to fight a duel.

But the tide of public feeling, that is turning slowly but surely, will reach them too in time, nor is the day far distant when rulers will have recognized that the best and most valuable soldiers in their armies are not those tragi-comic heroes for ever on the alert to settle their own petty tiffs and jangles by means of sword and pistol ; but rather the men who in accordance with a higher code of honour, a more exalted patriotic ideal, reserve the priceless gifts of life and blood for the legitimate defence of their king and country.

THE END.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Which was the Bloodiest?

A TRITE proverb to be borne in mind by all, irrespective of creed, bids us *avoid comparisons*. Yet there are certain invidious parallels which our separated brethren are rather fond of repeating, and a reviewer in *The Guardian*, while commending Mr. Innes's *England under the Tudors* (a review which called for some comments in our last number), has praised his versions of three of these objectionable forms of expression. They are in truth worthy of a little consideration, for though they are naturally odious, they are often urged upon us. Let us see how fairly.

1. "Mr. Innes rightly observes," we are told, that "the martyrs on both sides [*i.e.*, both Catholic and Protestant] all through the sixteenth century did not number a twentieth part of the Protestants who were killed in the few days of St. Bartholomew."

It is not difficult to imagine how a Frenchman would retort on this illogical appeal to insular self-sufficiency. "What," he might say, "do you forget the massacres in Ireland, which, considering the numbers engaged, were as bloody, frequent, and exterminating as those in the religious wars in France? Did not the English encourage and subsidize those wars? With what right then can she play the Pharisee over their excesses? A comparison between the massacres of Huguenots by Catholics with those of Catholics by Huguenots, though odious, might perhaps have been pardoned, because it would have been instructive. Possibly also one might for the same reason have condoned a parallel drawn between the number of the judicial murders in England with those in France; but to balance the men killed in cold blood on one side, with those that fell at a moment of excited feeling on the other, is a want of good taste that no one capable of rising above the narrowest nationalism would ever be guilty of."

2. The next comparison is between Mary and Elizabeth : "In the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign the aggregate number of persons who suffered death as Papists or as Anabaptists was considerably less than the number of those executed in four years under Mary."

One has heard the comparison between Mary and Elizabeth put off with jokes. "A hot steak is better than a cold chop," says one trifter. "Honours are easy," says another. And such trivialities are really by far more profound than this cant of counting of corpses, as if everything or anything were settled by mere numbers. The mistake that may send a great ship with hundreds of souls on board to the bottom may be a very venial one, while the solemn trial and execution of one innocent man may reflect infamy upon thousands.

The truth is (*pace* Mr. Innes) that the number of victims who fell in the two reigns was very nearly the same, and the persecutions were unlike in most other particulars. Mary is said to have caused the death of nearly two hundred and twenty persons, Elizabeth of over two hundred and ten persons. No large difference here, but in other respects the dissimilarities are great.

Mary's persecution was carried out very shortly after a Protestant rebellion, by men still smarting under the cruelties they had suffered at the hands of an heretical Government, and it lasted but for a few years. Elizabeth began without any provocation, went on quietly and deliberately increasing pains and penalties, until after a generation had passed the tide of blood flowed freely. The animus shown against the believers in the ancient faith grew ever more violent, callous, and brutal. There are no parallels in Mary's reign for Elizabeth's infamous spy-system, for her systematic use of torture, for the abominable hypocrisy in which courts of justice combined in order to do Catholics to death under the evidently false plea of their being traitors.

It would not be difficult to increase the list of dissimilarities. But we have said enough to show that Mr. Innes's comparison is untenable. We have no wish to turn its refutation into a comparison unfavourable to Elizabeth.

3. Mr. Innes's third comparison refers to the *motives* of the persecutors. Mary and her predecessors "frankly and avowedly burnt victims *for holding wrong opinions.*" Elizabeth considered

"opinions as such to be of no consequence," but in her estimation "people who would not conform their conduct to her laws, must be potential traitors," and she punished "the implied intention of committing wrong acts. . . . Though unless and until she discovered such an implication, any one was at liberty to hold it or not as he chose."

Mr. Innes is of course far from pretending that this is a complete defence of Elizabeth. But is it tenable? Is it fair to either side? Is it really true? Mr. Innes does not seem to be aware that the men of the old school would have asserted as loudly as any one that they never persecuted opinions as such. Torquemada and his fellow-inquisitors would have pointed to the Jews and Moors, who lived amongst them, as standing proofs that liberty of conscience was allowed. They would have declared that all they repressed was the manifestation of palpably malicious heterodoxy or patently aggressive unbelief.

Much less does Mr. Innes seem to have discovered the full truth concerning the hypocrisy with which Elizabeth asserted that she did not interfere in matters of opinion. Take for example her words to Maitland of Lethington. She was likening the question of the succession to the Crown of England to that of the differences of opinion about the Eucharist, and stated :

It is a matter in which I will not meddle. As in the Sacrament of the Altar, some think one thing some other. Whose judgment is best, God knows. In the meantime *unusquisque in sensu suo abundet*. So leave I them to do with the succession of the crown, &c.¹

Yet who does not know that those who did meddle with the succession were cast into the Tower, and those who adhered to Mass were made to suffer the pains and penalties of treason, and this by her arbitrary power, or by the votes of her servile Parliament, or the whim of her Puritan-minded Ministers? The Act of Supremacy and the abolition of the Mass were the first Acts of her reign. To pretend that she would not have made and did not make these laws, "unless and until she had discovered an implication of treason" in the religious opinions proscribed, is absurd. Why, if so, was Mass allowed to continue *after the statute was passed*, until the end of the term?

To deny that Elizabeth tyrannized over consciences, would be to give the lie to her, not less than to history. Her last proclamation on Catholicism, when the tide of her blood-

¹ *Registers of Privy Council of Scotland*, vol. xiv. p. 172, &c. ; Pollen, *Queen Mary's Letter to the D. of Guise*, p. xvi.

shedding had a trifle relaxed, declared that "conscience" was "a plea of all others the most dangerous."¹ That was the swan song of the last of the Tudors, and gives us exactly her idea of what her subjects' liberty should be. Everyone was at liberty to hold what they liked, provided that they made no plea of conscience, when obedience was demanded to laws which ran counter to conscience. She was a hypocrite as well as a tyrant.

J. H. P.

Reviews.

I.—DR. BARRY ON THE TRADITION OF SCRIPTURE.²

THE new series of "Manuals for Priests and Students," which Messrs. Longmans are publishing under the title of the Westminster Library, will meet, we feel sure, with a very favourable reception, not only from the Catholic clergy, but also from the more erudite laity. The two Anglican series of a similar character, one known as the Oxford Library of Practical Theology, and the other as Handbooks for the Clergy, which the same publishers started a few years back, have achieved a marked success. That there is likely to be a demand for volumes of similar scope written from a Roman standpoint seems clear to us, not only on account of the spirit of inquiry regarding Catholic belief and practice which is now so commonly found outside the Church, but also from the exceptional conditions under which the studies of our ecclesiastics are necessarily conducted. As the editors, Mgr. Bernard Ward and Father Thurston, S.J., remark in their general Preface, a predominant importance must attach to the teaching of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the preparation for the priesthood, and the first place will of necessity be given to these subjects in our seminaries.

But [they continue] there remains a large outlying field of professional knowledge, which is always in danger of being crowded out in the years before ordination, and the practical utility of which may not be fully realized until some experience of the ministry has been

¹ Tierney-Dodd, *Church History*, vol. iii. p. clxxxiv.

² *The Tradition of Scripture, its Origin, Authority, and Interpretation.* By the Rev. William Barry, D.D., formerly Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, Oscott. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1906.

gained. It will be the aim of the present series to offer the sort of help which is dictated by such experience, and its developments will be largely guided by the suggestions past and future of the clergy themselves.

We can only express a hope that this programme may be carried out in the broad and tolerant spirit of which the present instalment gives promise.

Certainly no more suitable subject could be found for the first issue of such a series than the burning question of the Higher Criticism. Here is a matter which is being everywhere discussed, not only within but outside the Church of Rome, and here more especially the earnest Catholic, whether ecclesiastic or layman, finds himself confronted by a host of delicate problems which his previous studies, not, it may be, of very recent date, have left him but ill-qualified to pronounce upon. To such an inquirer, as we conceive, it will be a great boon to have a conspectus of the whole question set before him within the moderate compass of some 270 pages. The book appears with the *imprimatur* of the Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Westminster, while Dr. Barry's name is a guarantee, not only for sound scholarship and a wide acquaintance with the most advanced German speculation, but also for a hearty acceptance of all that science can reasonably claim to have established as ascertained fact. It is extraordinary what an immense amount of matter the author has been able to cram into his pages. No important biblical question of the many which have come up for discussion during the last half-century seems to have been left untouched. The difficult matter of inspiration forms the subject of a long section, embracing several chapters, from which we gather that Dr. Barry inclines to the view of Père Lagrange, a view expounded, as many will remember, not so long since for English readers in a series of articles by Abbot Ford. Whatever our own views may be as to the merits of this controversy, we gladly attest that Dr. Barry states the question fairly and on the whole clearly, though here and there in the volume we are inclined to reproach him with an occasional obscurity of thought which it seems to us might have been avoided without any sacrifice of brevity. Remembering, however, how much the need of extreme compression is wont to hamper an author accustomed to use much literary ornament in the presentment of his materials, we are disposed to congratulate Dr. Barry upon the style of his book. He is

often luminous and even brilliant under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. Considering the nature of its subject-matter, the volume is by no means heavy reading.

Upon the question of the composition of the books of the Old and New Testament, the author adopts a line which five and twenty years ago would probably have been regarded in any Catholic writer as dangerously lax, but which is now, when compared with the speculations of M. Loisy, not to speak of the German critics of the extreme left, relatively conservative. The document theory of the Hexateuch is fully admitted, and the author surrenders the unity of the prophecy of Isaiah, but the questions raised by the books of the New Testament are very cautiously and reverently handled. Dr. Barry unhesitatingly accepts the traditional view that St. John the Apostle wrote the fourth Gospel, and he makes an extremely vigorous and effective plea for the unity of authorship of the Epistles of St. Paul, always, of course, excepting Hebrews.

The volume is well printed and got up, though the tiaras on the lining of the inner covers strike us as unpleasantly staring. There is a good Table of Contents as well as a tolerably complete Index, while several pages are devoted to a perhaps rather miscellaneous bibliography. On the whole this Introduction to modern biblical study seems to us to have been excellently conceived and executed, and we trust that it will meet with the appreciation which it deserves.

2.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.¹

It is a curious fact that it should have been reserved for a Protestant Englishman to produce the first biography of Pope St. Gregory the Great, in any language, which can fairly be called adequate. In saying this we are not losing sight of the works by Father Grisar, S.J., or Celestine Wolfsgruber, nor of the various volumes which have appeared on the subject by Catholic writers in this country. But Mr. F. Homes Dudden has undoubtedly turned out a more serious and scholarly piece of work than has anywhere seen the light up to the present time, and if the great edition of St. Gregory's Letters by Ewald and Hartmann in the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica* had

¹ *Gregory the Great, his Place in History and Thought.* By F. Homes Dudden, B.D. Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1905.

done nothing more than facilitate the appearance of this biography, the labour spent upon it by its editors would not have been undertaken in vain. Whether we agree with Mr. Dudden's conclusions or not, it is impossible to refuse him the praise due to sober and conscientious workmanship. Some devout Catholics may be prone to think that his criticisms at times bear a little too severely and perhaps unbecomingly upon a Pontiff to whom nearly all schools and periods have paid their tribute of veneration. Mr. Dudden is not afraid to condemn the tone of the letters to the Emperor Phocas, neither does he hesitate to note certain inconsistencies between the Pope's own conduct and his advice to others, and again he comments freely upon the absence of any justification for the commonly-received view that Gregory was a patron of secular learning and culture. But in these and many similar cases we think that the first impression of severity will be removed by a second and more careful reading. It seems to be the author's way to put the case strongly both for and against, as though the cause were being pleaded by able counsel on both sides. We have not noticed any single instance in which he has neglected to take into account and even to give prominence to such considerations as might fairly be urged by an apologist in defence of the Pontiff's action. Even if the writer's verdict is adverse, the reader is free to form his own judgment of the case, and there is not the slightest trace of any hostile bias in the manner of putting the question at issue. The weakest point in these two volumes seems to be the discussion of Gregory's liturgical reforms. The writings of Mr. Edmund Bishop, Dom S. Bäumer, and other recent critics of Mgr. Duchesne's theories seem to have escaped Mr. Dudden's notice. On the other hand he has clearly spent very special pains upon the effort to grapple with the great Pope's theological teaching. An essay of more than one hundred and fifty pages, well arranged, intelligently worded, and supported at every point by definite references, gives proof of the diligence which our author has shown in this rather thankless task. Further, the historical setting of Gregory's pontificate seems to us to have been very thoroughly dealt with, and amongst the undertakings of the Pope it was natural that especial prominence should be given to the mission despatched by him to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers under the conduct of St. Augustine.

All this, moreover, is made acceptable to the reader by an

exceptionally lucid and graceful style rarely met with in a work which gives proof of so much erudition. At hardly any point in these two stout volumes have we found that any effort was required to keep one's attention from wandering, but on the other hand, we have found at almost every turn something both stimulating and contagious in the author's large-minded but by no means blind sympathy with the subject of his biography. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a few passages from the summary of St. Gregory's work and character which may be read in the second volume. For instance the following.

First as to his work. There can be no doubt that Gregory's great achievement was the foundation of the mediæval Papacy. He placed the Roman See in a position of predominance, and won for it a recognition universal (save in Ireland and Wales) throughout the West, general even in the East. To specify a little more exactly, it is clear that Gregory strengthened the Papacy in two ways. In the first place, he contributed much to convert the old Roman primacy of honour into an autocratic supremacy. He lost no opportunity of bringing home to men's minds the fact that the See of Peter was the one supreme, decisive authority in the Catholic Church. . . .

As the Father of the mediæval Papacy, then—that system half-spiritual, half-political, which, with all its faults, was yet perhaps the one best adapted for preserving religion and civilization through the succeeding centuries—Gregory principally engages the attention of historians. But in other spheres his work was productive of lasting results. Leaving out of consideration his influence on the shaping of Western dogma, I may refer to his fruitful labours in organizing missionary enterprises, in developing the system of monasticism and freeing it from the oppressions of the Bishops; in organizing the clergy and fixing their relations to the Papacy, to the monks, and to the secular authorities; in setting the tone of Christian thought in respect of literature, legend, miracle, and the like, in imposing on the Catholic Church the form which it preserved almost without change through the centuries which followed. . . .

Again Mr. Dudden writes :

If such, then, was Gregory's work, what shall be said of his character? That he had splendid practical qualities no one would deny. His wonderful energy, his fine business capacity, his far-seeing statesmanship, his thorough grasp of details the most intricate,—all these have been justly commended by writers of every school of thought. Gregory without doubt was the strong man of his age, thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and prepared to make any sacrifice to give practical force to his convictions. He

was not certainly a profound thinker. In the realm of speculation he was never quite at home, and his thoughts rarely penetrated deep below the surface of things. But in the sphere of action he was as a giant among pigmies, and his heroic figure cast its shadow far into the future. The Church, the country, and the civilization which he influenced yield sufficient proof of his greatness.

We wish we could find room for the qualifications with which Mr. Dudden tempers this verdict. They show, perhaps, even better than broad panegyric, the biographer's delicate sympathy with his subject. But what we have quoted will, we trust, have aroused the interest of our readers sufficiently to persuade them to look into this scholarly work for themselves.

3.—THE HISTORY OF DOGMAS.¹

Priests who made their theological studies a generation or so ago cannot but contrast the slender literature that was at the student's service then with the rich provision which is offered to the students of the present day. Many theological classics of course are for all time; but we are referring to books treating from a Catholic standpoint theological questions which till the middle of the last century had hardly been mooted. The *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement de l'Histoire ecclésiastique* is engaged in bringing out works of this sort; and among them must certainly be reckoned M. Tixeront's *Histoire des Dogmes*, of which the first part has recently appeared. Indeed it deals with so interesting a subject-matter, and deals with it with so much knowledge, insight, and judgment, and is besides so conveniently arranged, that it will be found indispensable by those who possess it.

The History of Dogmas is the history not so much of doctrines in themselves, but of the Church's successive definitions in regard to them. Still the two inquiries cannot in practice be separated, because what evokes the definitions is the action of the human mind on the doctrines of revelation, of its attempts to fathom their meaning more profoundly and to fix it more precisely, and of the oscillations and aberrations of thought which have been incident to this endeavour. Or, as M. Tixeront states the case:

Between the teaching of Jesus Christ or St. Paul and those of the Council of Nicæa or the Council of Trent, there is certainly no verbal resemblance, but there is equivalence and fundamental identity. . . .

¹ *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement de l'Histoire Ecclésiastique. Histoire des Dogmes*: 1, La Théologie Antenicéenne. Par J. Tixeront. Paris: Victor Lecoffre, 1905.

How then was the transition made from the Gospel and from St. Paul to the formulas of Nicæa and the Creed of Pius IV.? What course did Christian thought traverse in the evolution which brought it thus from the primordial elements of its doctrine to the blossoming forth of its theology. . . . These are the questions to which the History of Dogmas must respond.

Two methods of treatment were possible, the *analytic*, which takes each dogma separately and traces the course of its history from beginning to end, and the *synthetic*, which surveys as a whole each period in its chronological order. Each system has its advantages and disadvantages, the synthetic making clearer the inter-relations of the dogmas among themselves, the analytic concentrating attention on one subject at a time. M. Tixeront chooses the synthetic, but he has added a capital *index raisonné* with the aid of which it is easy for any one who wishes to restrict his reading to the history of any single dogma.

The present volume is concerned with the anti-Nicene period, but the author wisely includes a chapter on the doctrines, religious, philosophical and moral, which were current among Jews and Gentiles at the time of our Lord and the Apostles. It was to a generation imbued with these beliefs that our Lord and His Apostles primarily addressed their teaching, and to understand what it believed and thought is a valuable aid towards understanding the terms in which the evangelical message was conveyed. Then follows an important chapter on the personal teaching of our Lord as recorded by the Synoptics and by St. John, and on the teaching of St. Paul and the other Apostles. This is a particularly useful chapter, making clear as it does with a few brief words points of distinction which in many works of the kind are hopelessly confused. In the chapters which follow, due notice is taken of the development of the Penitential system, of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, of Original Sin, of Eternal Punishment, but the chief place is necessarily given to the advance in clear conception of the Doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation which resulted from those long and fiery controversies. The clearness and conciseness with which the author brings out the leading ideas of the different schools and writers, and the logic of their development, is really admirable.

4.—SPAIN BEFORE THE ARAB CONQUEST.¹

For all who have any understanding of the nature of the task and of the many difficulties involved in such researches, it must

¹ *L'Espagne Chrétienne*. Par Dom H. Leclercq. Paris: Lecoffre. 1906.

be a mystery how Dom Leclercq contrives to produce so much valuable work in so brief a period of time. We are all human, and no one would pretend that an acute critic may not discover certain inaccuracies or misconceptions here and there among the prodigious mass of details which the learned Benedictine copies, sifts, and arranges, very much to the profit of less learned or laborious workers than himself. We might note, as an example of this, the account of the death of Hermenigild, which the author seems to attribute to Johannes Biclarensis,¹ but which is certainly not derived from the extremely curt phrases of that chronicler. But when all is said and done, the work turned out is substantially good work, and it extends to almost every department of the history and archæology of the early Christian period. The volume now before us is a closely-printed 8vo of 400 pages dealing with the early history of Christian Spain. It belongs to the admirable series known as *la Bibliothèque de l'enseignement de l'histoire ecclésiastique*, published by Victor Lecoffre; and we can pay the book no greater compliment than to say that it appears to us worthy of the excellent company in which it finds itself. Several of these volumes—notably that of M. Paul Allard on Christianity in the Roman Empire, that of Mgr. Batiffol on Greek Christian Literature, that of M. Rubens Duval on Syriac Literature, and that of M. Tixeront on the History of Dogma, have achieved a considerable reputation, and must have done most useful work in popularizing among French students scholarly views of important periods of history. Dom Leclercq's present contribution does not deal with quite so interesting a theme as those which have just been named, and yet it may surely be said, that the writers and thinkers of the Iberian peninsula played an extremely important part in the formation of Christendom, and that they were in much more intimate contact even with the Churches of the East than has been generally supposed. Dom Férotin's recent discovery that the lady whom we have grown accustomed to call St. Silvia, and to whom we owe an extraordinarily minute account of the religious observances of Jerusalem at the close of the fourth century, was really a Spanish Abbess from Galicia, throws a remarkable sidelight on the thirst for knowledge which prevailed in the peninsula at that epoch. The volume before us is pleasantly written and easy to read, while its tone is scholarly and critical. Dom Leclercq does not

¹ P. 262.

hesitate to identify himself with Mgr. Duchesne in altogether discrediting the legend that Spain was first evangelized by the apostle St. James the Greater before his martyrdom at Jerusalem in A.D. 44. The author has duly acquainted himself with the laboured reply made to Mgr. Duchesne by Father Fidel Fita, S.J., of the Spanish Academy, but he tells us that Father Fita's arguments seem to him inadequate to furnish the proof which is sought. In a later chapter of the work before us, an excellent account has been furnished of the heretic Priscillian, upon whom so much has lately been written, and the influence of whose teaching upon the more orthodox elements of the Church was undoubtedly great. Again, in the Visigothic period, Dom Leclercq has availed himself of the labours of Karl Zeumer and Max Conrat, who in the legal aspects of the subject have greatly facilitated the task of future historians. Altogether this is a book which fills a gap, and which we may warmly commend to all interested in the subject of early Christian Spain.

5.—THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN GILBERT.¹

If Lady Gilbert had been less conscientious in her labour of love, this full and careful biography of her late husband would, we think, have appealed to a larger public. No one possesses in greater measure than she the art of telling a story brightly and naturally. The many charming books published under her maiden name of Rosa Mulholland can leave no doubt upon this point. But when she simply allows her materials to speak for themselves, printing a long series of miscellaneous letters, which however satisfactory as a testimony to the high esteem in which Sir John Gilbert was held by his friends, are necessarily disconnected and discursive, the reader's interest is bound sometimes to flag. It is not difficult to understand the motives which have influenced Lady Gilbert in taking this course. She must naturally have felt a certain delicacy in writing herself in praise of a memory so dear to her, while the spontaneous appreciation of the distinguished men who worked with Gilbert or who wrote from all parts of the world to consult him, must have seemed too precious to be subjected to mutilation. But

¹ *The Life of Sir John Gilbert, LL.D., F.S.A.*, Irish Historian and Archivist. By his wife, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, with Portraits and Illustrations. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1906.

the result has been that the book is rather difficult to read continuously. No doubt, as the Preface hints, it is the historian's personal friends whom his biographer has had chiefly in view. These beyond question will hail the volume with delight, for in turning over the pages or in consulting the excellent Index, they are bound to light upon a hundred interesting names and incidents, every one of them recalling associations and memories upon which they would gladly linger. But the ordinary reader is not in this position and cannot easily adopt the same point of view.

None the less it must not be supposed that the biography is devoid of interest for any but Sir John Gilbert's personal friends. This is far from being the case. In the first place the whole fraternity of Celtic and Hibernian scholars will be grateful for the many letters dealing with the minutiae of their own special *Fach*, letters often studded with scraps of Irish script, which will certainly be caviare to the general. But more than this all who have the patience to read steadily on and to disentangle the little personal traits of character from the luxuriant overgrowth of erudition which was the atmosphere which Gilbert loved, will assuredly be well repaid for their trouble. It is a singularly modest, noble, upright and unselfish Christian character which stands revealed. No age ever seemed more in need than ours of Catholic scholars like Sir John Gilbert, who while giving their whole lives to the cause of historic truth, remain ever loyal and devoted in their allegiance to the faith. We believe that his biographer is fully justified when she says :

No historical writer of weight and authority was ever less of a partisan than Gilbert. His contempt for pages of brilliant falsehood determined him on reserving his own personality as a writer behind the naked statements of the contemporary document.

Neither can any one have a better right than she to tell us,

He took out of the world the faith to which he was born, and persisted, unostentatiously and with characteristic reserve, in the spiritual practices which he had learnt at his mother's knee. . . . He fulfilled all the difficult duties of his religion with childlike fidelity.

It is to such men that Catholicism, humanly speaking, owes its strength as a factor in the intellectual movements of the present day. It is the quiet workers, not the agitators, who build upon the rock.

6.—GODFREY'S QUEST.¹

Godfrey's Quest is the latest accession to the list of Lady Lindsay's little volumes of poetry. It is after the manner of Tennyson's *Idylls*, or of her own *Apostle of the Ardennes*, a continuous poem in blank verse, except that the thin thread of narrative is here purely imaginary, and indeed, as the sub-title acknowledges, somewhat fantastic. There is a rich play of fancy and of pathos in the numerous portrayals of mountain, valley, coast, and sea-life, and the blank verse is interspersed with exquisite little lyrics in the writer's well-known style. There is, too, an ease and spontaneity of movement which is very pleasing.

The leading thought is of the restless spirit of adventure which dominates the soul of a dreamy boy, and is ever impelling him to journey further and further to the West; and which is set in pathetic contrast with the homely, contented, stay-at-home temperament of the sister whom he so inconsiderately abandons.

See, Majorie, the Sun-King robed and crowned,
With radiant train bejewelled goes in state
Down to his mighty palace in the West!
But from our sight, the dusky distant hills,
Stained purple as with countless pansy fields,
Too soon will screen his wondrous panoply.

I'd follow to yon glorious bourne, and watch
That my tired spirit clamours to behold,
What be those heights but walls opaque and hard
As are the trammels of our twilit days,
Dull as the duties that close bind our eyes
To hide from us true life and radiant light?

After climbing many a purple hill, bruised and heavy-hearted to find that "the world was wider than his childish thought had spanned it," he discovers a little pastoral paradise where he is welcomed by a shepherd lad and his sister. With them he remains some years, and then is driven on again by his craving spirit till he reaches a fisher-village. Again he stops and spends some years, long enough to form new ties of duty and affection; and then again is driven on across the pathless ocean—and ever to the West. Shipwrecked, he recovers consciousness only to find himself cast on a weird island, cold and hoary, with its hard, towering cliffs from the clefts of which

¹ *Godfrey's Quest*: a Fantastic Poem. By Lady Lindsay. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

there drew in sight
 Processioned figures, wan and spectre-like
 Then, women, shadows slowly drifting by
 Whose dusky draperies, fluttering in the air,
 Shrouded their movements as with sombre haze—

A kind of purgatorial isle, in fact, where these sad-faced folk must abide till their patience is perfected, and the "white ship sails upon the morning light," to bear them away "as purer men into a purer life."

The restless Godfrey chafes under this life of solitude and desolation, from which at length he is delivered, but with loss of sight, by a means which is indeed fantastic. Still, it is his misfortune which leads him back in his old age to his deserted home, and to the faithful sister who had never ceased to count upon his return. And

While yet she spake, the sunset, flushing full,
 Turned the wide golden sky to red, the flare
 Lighting on Godfrey's face, transfigured now.
 The upturned eyes, all unaware of light,
 Shrank not nor blinked. It was as though they pierced
 With keenest sight heaven's canopy, and leaped,
 Armoured in blindness, whither till that hour
 Passage had been denied. Ay, nevermore
 Should his clear mental sight know aught of shade
 But only God's true light.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Ancient Devotions for Holy Communion (Kegan Paul) is a selection of suitable prayers for the use of communicants. Of its three sections the first gives devotions before Communion, the second gives the Ordinary of the Mass together with the Propers for the Votive Masses of the Blessed Sacrament and for the Dead, and the third gives devotions after Communion. Intermingled with the prayers are Psalms and liturgical hymns (the Psalms being in the Douay text and the English translations of the hymns being carefully chosen). All the prayers, as the title denotes, are ancient prayers and are taken either from the Roman or from some or other of the Eastern Liturgies. There is a dignity and unction about these ancient prayers, which appeals to good taste; there is—as Abbot Gasquet points out in a short Preface—a characteristic difference between the

Western and Eastern types, the former being more staid and measured, the latter more fervid and tender; and in the combination of so many in one small volume there is the variety which is so grateful to the frequent communicant. It should be added that it is daintily got up with ornamental type and red border lines. The editor modestly veils his name under the initials, S. A. C.

Messrs. Burns and Oates send *The Throne of the Fisherman* a new and cheap edition of a well-known work of the late Mr. Allies, which, it may be remembered, that it covers the period extending from the apostolate of St. Peter to the pontificate of St. Leo: *New Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, a new edition of a little volume of prayers edited and published by Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman; and a new translation from the Italian of Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat*. *Her Blind Folly*, by H. M. Ross, is one of Messrs. Benziger's stories for young people.

In *Lives of the Saints for Children*, by Lady Amabel Kerr (Second Series, 1s., C.T.S.) we have the Life stories of seven canonized saints (Elizabeth of Hungary, Thomas Aquinas, Francis Xavier, Francis of Assisi, Geneviève, Thomas of Canterbury, and Patrick) told in simple language that cannot fail to reach the minds and hearts of our little ones.

The same author gives us also a second series of *Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon* (price 3d.). These extracts would provide very useful heads for meditation.

Ad Matrem, by the Rev. John Gray (cloth 4d., paper 1d., C.T.S.) consists of a series of little poems, written in a plain and simple way, telling of scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin.

Come unto Me (1d., C.T.S.) gives useful help to prepare for Holy Communion and to give thanks thereafter.

The logical sequence of ideas in *To Have and to Hold* (1d., C.T.S.) requires careful study. The pamphlet concludes by fervently exhorting Catholics to give all the edification they can to their Protestant neighbours.

St. Hildegarde the Prophetess, and *St. Ethelburga*, by O.S.B. (1d. each, C.T.S.) are numbers nine and ten of a series of short Lives dealing with virgin saints of the Benedictine Order.

The three following pamphlets come from the Australian Catholic Truth Society:

The penny *Life of St. Patrick*, by Cardinal Moran, will be read eagerly by many Catholics, who see with gratitude how St. Patrick's children continue his apostolate in every region of the world.

On the Condition of Labor (Has Australia adopted American spelling?) is an official translation of the well-known Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. It ought to do good in a Commonwealth where the Labour question is much to the fore.

Through the Furnace (1d.) is a short story to which we cannot give unmixed praise. The religious sentiment, to our mind, rings false, and many of the situations savour of melodrama.

The Catholic Truth Society also sends us *Thoughts for Creedless Women*, some practical thoughts for those addressed, but not intended *pueris virginibusque*, though most delicately worded; *What about Hypnotism?* by the Rev. H. G. Hughes, which treats another very practical subject with prudence and discernment; *English Foreign Missions*, an earnest appeal on behalf of these missions by that veteran missionary, the Rev. Thomas Jackson; *Socialism*, by Mr. C. S. Devas; *The Rights of Minorities*, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby. The last three of these publications were read as papers at the Blackburn Conference last autumn.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals:

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1906. I.)

The Question of the Agape. *F. X. Funk*. "Lumen Ecclesiæ."

A Note on the Ancient Penitential Discipline. *A. d'Alès*.

The Chorepiscopate in the West in the Fifth Century.

J. Zeiller. A Study of the Forged Decretals. *P. Fournier*.

The Origin of Permanent Nuncios (1450 — 1513).

P. Richard. Reviews and Bibliography.

BESSARIONE. (1905, VI.)

A Strange Russian Profession of Faith. *P. T. de Quarenghi*.

Unpublished Letters of Champollion. *A. Pellegrini*. The

Native Place of St. John the Baptist. *E. Zaccaria*.

Gabriel I., Ecumenical Patriarch. *Papadopoulos-Kerameos*.

The Work of Angelo Mai. *G. Cozza-Luzi*. Reviews, &c.

RAZON Y FE. (February, 1906.)

The Separation of Church and State in France. *A. Perez*.

The Question of Inspiration. *L. Murillo*. Experimental

Psychology. *E. Ugarte de Ercilla*. The Anarchist

Propaganda and the Law. *V. Minteguiga*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (February.)

- The Zarathustra of Nietzsche. *J. Sørensen*. The Question of Inspiration. *Chs. Pesch*. The Existence and Meaning of Ions and Electrons. *L. Dressel*. The Light of Germany in the Dark Ages. *S. Beissel*. Fogazzaro's last novel "El Santo." *A. Baumgartner*. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1906, I.)

- Laurence Truchses (1473—1543). *J. B. Kissling*. The Chronology of the Kings of Juda and Israel. *B. Trutz*. The Introduction of the Mysteries of the Rosary. *Th. Esser*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 3 and 17.)

- New Men and Old Errors. Our Four Gospels—an Essay in Apologetic. Fogazzaro's *El Santo*. A Confidential Letter to a Professor of Anthropology. Public Schools and Private Schools—the Duty of Catholic Parents. The Cultus of St. Expeditus. Cardinal Rampolla's edition of the *Life of St. Melania*. A Reply to the Criticisms of the *Analecta Bollandiana*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (February.)

- A Method of Apologetic. *X. Duman*. The Stories of Immunity in the Acts of the Martyrs. *A. Clerval*. Totems and Taboos. *A. d'Alès*. The Theories of Mr. Burke—Radium and Life. *A. Fariton*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (February 20.)

- The Religious Problem. *L. Roure*. Paul Verlaine and his Christian Poetry. *V. Delaporte*. The True Object of the Sacred Heart Devotion. *A. Vermeersch*. The Inventory. *P. Dudon*. Ancient Icelandic Literature. *J. Svensson*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (February 15.)

- St. Fulgentius, Monk and Bishop. *M. A. Guillon*. The Expectation of a Messiah at Rome. *P. Martain*. St. Thomas and the Immaculate Conception. *A. Unterleiden*. The Lot of Pagans in the World to Come. *A. Alvière*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (February 15.)

- Clement of Alexandria. *J. Tixeront*. The New Legal Status of the French Church. *Du Magny*. Psychology and Exegesis. *Abbé Delfour*. The Catholic Church in the United States. *G. André*.

